THE SPIGHTFUL SISTER.

A New Comedy.

Written by Abraham Bailey, *of* Lincolns-Inn, *Gent.*

Licenſed *April* 10. 1667,
Roger L'Eſtrange.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring* the Younger, at the White Lion next *Chancery-Lane*, in *Fleet-Street*, 1667.

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To the Reader.

EPiſtles and Prologues being for the moſt part skipt over without reading, I had thought to have ſilenc'd my Pen as to either of them both, had not the importunity of the Stationer (who was unwilling to have a blank page, but that the Buyer might have enough for his money) prevailed with me ſo far as to give thee this ſhort account of it; That as it is a Play, ſo I made the writing thereof onely my Recreation, not my Study; done in few hours and youthful years, that may (rightly conſider'd) excuſe the Faults therein, which (if I am not partial) are not great, nor many; onely theſe few committed by the negligence or overſight of the Printer: I muſt deſire thee either gently to paſs over, or elſe with thy Pen to correct.

PAge 3. line 20. the comma at *weary*, and for *ſteps* read *ſleeps*. p. 4. l. 19. for *warrant* r. *torrent*. l. 31. for *affable* r. *affable*. p. 5. l. 2. for *ſurprize* r. *ſuppreſs*. l. 27. for *come* r. *can* p. 7. l. 31. for *time* r. *line*. p. 12. l. 32. r. *Kidnappers*. p. 14. l. 6. r. *expoſtulate*. p. 16. l. 15. r. *what* p. 18. l. 32. r. *ſollicited*. p. 26. l. 17. r. *Favour*. p. 35. l. 17. r. *Occus*. p. 42. l. 12. r. *Beuger*. p. 62. l. 23. r. *you*.

The

The Persons Names.

Occus. *An old Humerous Lord.*
Beucer. *His Clerk.*
Hare. *A Debtor to* Occus.
Litus. *A Suitor to* Berania.
Harpes. Litus *his Ruffian.*
Petus. *A young Lord, afterwards* Berania's *Sweet-Heart.*
Eidorus. *A Lord, Friend to* Petus.
Marus. Petus's *Father.*
Lonus. Litus's *Father.*
Admetus. *A* Virginia *Tobacconist.*
King, Chancellour, Clowns, Watchmen, Constables, Gods, Goddesses, Nymphs, Servants, Murtherers.

Berania. *Daughter to* Occus.
Losana. *The Spightful Sister to* Berania.
Thele. *Waiting-Maid to* Losana.
Hacca. *Waiting-Maid to* Berania.
Sarah. *An old Sweet-Heart to* Beucer.
Winifred. Sarahs *Humerous Mother.*

Books Printed for Thomas Dring Junior, *at the White Lion in* Fleet-Street, *where you may be furnisht with most sorts of Playes.*

A General History of the *Caribby Islands*, being an exact Description of all the English Plantations, &c. in the *West-Indies*, adorn'd with Sculptures, *Folio.*
Direction for the Study of the Law. 12°.
Cupid's Courtship, 8°.

THE SPIGHTFUL SISTER.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Occus *Smoaking, and* Beucer.

Oc. I Say, It is not so good to be cheated as to Cheat: So I do.

Beu. Do's he mean honestly?

Oc. Hang honesty, he has put me to I-know-not-how-much trouble. I vow, so I do. A-Deuce take him for a knave.

Beu. Patience Sir, he did not intend------

Oc. Intend a fool; I protest so I do, I don't know what to do, I'm so vext about it.

Enter Hare.

Beu. He comes.

Oc. How de y' Sir? Wel, what say you? de y' mark, I protest So I do, you had almost hindred me of seeing You; so you had, if you had not come as you Did: Will you pay-in the Money, and have your Bond?

Hare. My fortunes bow to you.------

Oc. I can't abide this elegant Fortune,

Not I; My mony, My mony, Man?

Hare. Let my Condition plead for me.

Oc. That won't: the condition of the Bond is, to pay it Double, (de ſe?) double, I vow.

Hare. Your Honour's Merciful.

Oc. Merciful me no more than I Merciful you. For I vow (de ſe?) get it me quickly, or I'e Know why you won't: ſo I will as I live-law. (*Exit Hare.*

Go bid *Berania* come to me, do ſo. (*Exit Beacer.*

Enter Berania, *and* Hacca.

Well, how now *Berania*, what ſay you to me about *Litus*? I proteſt, I believe he looks like a rich Man.

Ber. More tortures yet! The harmleſs dove purſu'd
By threatning death from the Jar-falcons Talons,
Avoyds that cruel touch, and lives ſecure;
My duty checks too great a ſcorn but Love.
Can utter ſtranger to his qualities,
Free me from Inquiſitions, worſe then Death?

Oc. Well then, you won't ha' him? I'e tell him the Long and the ſhort of the buſineſs, ſo I will. (*Exit.*

Ber. 'Tis ſtrange to ſee wealths power more then the ſtrength
Of Vertue, ſtack't by (*præſus* his falſe fame;
Mony's Lord Paramount, and Riches ſway
My Fathers fancy, for a prudent Soul
Content's a Paradice, as unknown to moſt,
As are the furtheſt Limits of *Euphrates*.
Every Senſe turns Secretary, to record
His or my own hard Fortune, yielding's fatal;
I have ſet my Reſolution, and I'le ſee
My ſelf Incloyſtred e're his wife I'e bee.

Enter Occus, Litus, *two Foot-boys.*

Lit. Well, how ſtands the wind of your Daughter's Good liking?

Oc. Why I proteſt-law it was ſo ſharp North (ſo

so, that it had like to ha blown my Nose
Away, I vow, so soon as I mentioned you to her;
Law-ye. *Litus.* Be plain.

Oc. Why, the Long and the short is, de se? she say's, she
Won't have you, I am in haste I vow, good b'y. (*Exit.*

Li. To Fortune's Jiggs the vulgar sort apply
An arm'd resistance, whose weak affronts
Dare not consult with Passion, unless
It sings their requies sum: To love
Is to be resolute, our wealth's a blessing
To be contemn'd by none but those whose thoughts
Fly to a Pin-feather'd Philosophy,
And use a Microscope, mounted on wings
Of rare devotion to see if the World be any thing;
My blood thaw's silence at a womans scorn;
Stay till I come. (*Exit.*

1. *Foot-Boy.* My Lord will have her sure, if Means can do it.

2. *Foot-Boy.* He's too well known, to be belov'd by her.

1. *Foot-Boy.* In his land her denial may walk so far,
Tell it's weary steps, and forget itself.

2. *Foot-Boy.* I don't know what they'l do.

Enter Litus.

Li. Go deliver this Letter to Madam *Berania*, (*Exeunt Foot-Boys.*)
The labour of a strict persute,
Is recompenc't by handling the Prize.
Delay, like Poppy, invites to sleep,
That cutting new should be the hardlier felt.
Provide a bow for smiles: but if disdains,
I'le get by Force what fair Means can't obtain. (*Exit.*

Enter Berania, *Reading the Letter.*

Ber. Your syllables make worse than banishment: *throws it to them.*
More captive to impiety, then the unwearied Passenger
Toth' fained mourning of a Crocodile
Whose jaws, while reeking in the bloud of those

His last allurements sung sad Dirge's to,
Seeks larger Preys. (Enter Losana.

Lo. May duty teach my sister.

Ber. What?

Lo. A Nobler lesson than Rebellion prompts to,
Recant your error, so your Reason may
A Prospect of all happiness seem clear
As day, whose Minutes are seldom favour'd by
Such smiles of Chance, as those were proffer'd you:
Resolve amendment; to your changed mind,
The Golden Sands of *Pactolus* come flowing;
Imbrace Honour.

Ber. How?

Lo. By nourishing the hopes of *Lisis*, whose soul,
As sad as *Niobe*'s, takes pleasure
In throwing down the Gems that dwel in it.
His Birth ne'r taught him Courtship for a Maid,
Below it self.

Ber. His rashness, like a Warrant,
Seconds his malice: to these Italian Enemy,
Had he no more blasts of Morality.

Lo. To call him rash is Passionate, Passionate witty,
An ornament to Youth.

Ber. Malicious too.

Lo. Hatred's a Puritan compar'd, and frowns
To see you learn your lesson but by halves;
Too openly bore down his friends at this.
Would keep the Scent, and were you a Man,
Turn bloud-hounds, ore-turn weapons 'till revenge
Had gi'n the Lye, to all that dare maintain
Him otherwise then a Fable, he fights
Meekly for you.

Ber. He's worse then Savage, that to get his will,
Won't Fawn and Flatter; but denyed still,
His expectation suddenly converts
His faigned Love to hatred and imparts
Envy to Force, till with his wile he gets
His own desire, by *Proteus* Changing fits.

Lo. All fancies Suppositions worse, his wealth
It's so weighty, 'twould quickly surprize
The swelling of a crook-back't quality,
Nobles are a Pumice, hard enough to grinde
His errors into nothing.

Ber. Rich and Noble,
Be coverlids of vices wrong, 'tis pitty
Who's greatest fit to govern, he's not fit
To govern others, that cannot rule himself,
They should grow big together, *Pliny* never
Mockt Physick better. He comes, I'le not see him. (*Exit Berania.*

Enter Litus.

Li. To paint out to my self the warlick Trophies,
Due to a Conqueror, of all that's bad
And strong; the stoln hours
Of *Leander* and *Hero*, when the Hellespont
Was but a Kennel to him; argues their joys,
Pigmies Fiction short of truth; my Sense
Has made no Plaudit, 'til your Sister
Seem'd checking my hasty courtship, with a brow
Clear of Anger.

Lo. A pleasant Landskip!

Li. False.

Lo. A Dream, may be.

Li. Worse.

Lo. My Industry may embalm your hopes. (*Exit.*

Li. I come senseless here with equal passion,
Heaven or hell mop't to a Bul-begger;
I Tantalize my self, such a dul Agent
Deserves to see a foolish Messenger
Bring back his Letters, covered with the mocks
Of a Chamber-maid. *Harpes*, true *Harpes*, come,
Why stay'st so long? 'Its past the time you promist.

Enter Harpes.

Harpes. An't I within my time, my Lord?

Litus. No leſs
Then Ten pound, for an hours work? what ſay'ſt?
Harpes. Propoſe.
Litus. Truſty; ha'ſt forgot that Vertue?
Harpes. My *Bonus Genius*, I am ne'r without it.
Litus. Canſt' Fight?
Harpes. No matter: I can murder, may be, without it.
Litus. Pith you are wide o'th' mark,
We are about Venial ſins.
Harpes. Nay that's the mark I'de aim at.
Litus. A Lady, I'de ha'you and I ſteal from her Father.
Every night they walk at ſix a clock here:
Her Father s an old fool can't fight,
Be ready: But if we are caught, canſt ſwear?
Harpes. If I can't ſwear, I can doe nothing.
Litus. Get a Coach ready at ſix a clock preciſely,
Then meet me here.
Harpes. I will, Sir. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Lidorus, *Lord* Petus, *attended.*

Lid. What Friar grac't his Order by a Miracle,
In Spelling you to a Platonick love?
Pet. Reſolves after Deliberation make
A Circle; in whoſe Center, the beſt life
Lyes hid on puny ſpirits ſuch as boaſt
They have the *Summum Bonum* when they tread
In an old Mark made by their Miſtris Shoo;
I'le beſtow pitty.
Lid. To receiv't agen,
When tired with burdens of a way to Honour;
Your Motion's quick, your Hands gripe labour, Mind
Reſolute to advancement, purchaſt by
A weary diligence: a Ladies lap
Inchants your purpoſe to a ſolitude,
That into ſleep, ſleep to a dream, whoſe language
Courts you to ſweetneſs incohceiveable:
As Conſiderations of Eternity.

A Thousand presidents, bewail lost time, in your condition.

Pet. He's well can beware of others Harms,
Example don't excuse a Fault,
Love-sick's a great one.

Lid. Hold, a line of this subject.

Pet. Let's hear it.

Lidorus *sings.*

O Sacred! Sacred Love,
earths chiefest joys above!
That with thy nimble bow,
take'st pride to stick below
Thrice happy he whose Heart hath felt,
the quiver of thy Golden belt.

2.

When Moping spirits Muse,
what pleasure here to chuse.
Then Love's great shrine draws nigh,
with enterprizes high,
To sway Mens hearts and wrap them Eeven,
to joyes divine, a taste of Heaven.

Pet. Parturiunt Montes. To our business.
Letters Inform me of the neer approach of Death toth' Reverend
Old Man: already 'tas took up all but his breath-room:
Those Industrious hands that have so often acted his words,
When they moved Audients passions to Love,
To Hate, to Mirth, to Tragedy,
Have now nothing to do but second fervent Prayers for you and I.

Lid. I'me promised news to day.

Pet. I expect some too.

Lid. At six a clock let's meet here,
We'll impart the Novelty of each stop,
And drown the time with tears that speaks him dead.

Pet. 'T may fall out not so. Starrs, and the best of Men,
Do rise to set, and set to rise agen. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Occus, Loſana, Thele, Berania, Hacca, Hare, *and* Beucer.

Oc. Well, how now, Mr. *Hare*? well, de ſe? I don't know
I vow, Oh will you pay in the Money, law-ye?
And have the Bond?

Hare. You let others have it: upon that condition,
I told you of, my Lord.

Oc. Sir I doe, and I do not.

Hare. How do you then?

Oc. Very well, but that's nothing: my Money, Man!

Hare. I'le provide it. (*Exit* Hare.

Oc. Good-buy: come Daughters, it's almoſt time to walk,
As I live, ſo it is, i'th' Garden: ſo I doe.

Ber. Will you bear us company?

Loſ. My hours an't my own.

Oc. Well *Beucer*, you ſe (ſo do you,) that this *Hare*
Won't pay-in the Mony, ſo he won't,
I Vow now, de ſe, you may go if you will, I don't
Need your Witnes-manſhip. *Exit.* Beucer.
Come Daughter I'l walk preſently, as I live law-ye:
And tell you, you are a Fool! ſo I will, I vow, for not
Marrying the Gentle-man. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Harpes, *and* Lutus, *with a Beard.*

Lit. I ſhan't be known, well *Harpes* art' reſolved?

Harpes. My horſe needs nothing but a Silver ſpur,
To haſten it on in ſuch an Ambuſcado.

Lit. She's leight, my Boy, we'll carry her with eaſe.

Harpes. Leight! All the ſex are ſo, Shee has been too leight
For you already, you may ſpeak Probatum.

Lit. Stand in that corner you, but firſt provide
A Sword to fright the old Man, the young one's got
The ſooner. (*Exit* Harpes.
Honour's not repaid with Checks.
If her eſtate be it bladder's her Pride
I excell it; if her birth excell, that too.
Theſe things well weighed, my breſt's too generous;
To be ſubmiſſive, and, at a Woman's ſcorn,
Turn Novice.

Enter

Enter Harpes *with a Sword.*

Harpes. A cold Iron!

Litus. Hot enough to make him run, as Firebrands do
The Beasts of *Greenland* within that place:
I'm here. Let 'um walk a turn or two, we may
Take 'um at the more advantage.
Harpes, Coach waits. (*Aside both.*

Enter Occus, Berania, *and* Hacca.

Berania. Are you ready, Sir?

Occus. I'm ready to blow my fingers, they'r so cold I vow,
So I am. (*Step i'th Garden and walk.*)

Enter Lidorus.

Lidorus. Haste *Petus* to his Elegy.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lord, Lord *Petus* stayes to speak with you.

Lidorus. Bid him come in, and bring hither a Table. (*Exit Boy.*

Enter Petus, *Boy sets down the Table, & exit*

Lidorus. He's gone, those Ensigns of Honour;
Your proper due Succession ushers in.

Petus. His Monuments.

Lidorus. Rich with the power of a holy Relique,
Read it. (*Go to the Table.*
(*Throws it upon the Table.*

Harpes *and* Litus *set on* Berania.

Berania. Help, help.

Lidorus. Hark; the cry of some distrest Gentlewoman!

Petus. At the sight of a Frog.

Berania *cryes out again.*

Lidorus. Hark, hark, in earnest let's run.
(*They run and see her between them.*) Occus *crying.*

Lidorus. Dishonourable Villains! what Commission?
Litus. Our fancy's to your cost.
Petus. We'l try, provide. (*all fight.*
(Occus *creeps under the table, and peeps.*)
(Litus *runs*, Harpes *falls down.*)

Enter Occus *from under the Table.*

Occus. The Rogues! pittiful unvalourful Dogs! I was mad as
I live-law, to see what Cowards they were, I vow,
To set on us as we were walking: but I
Wisht 'um hang'd in heat of blood, as I'm here,
So I did: thank the Gentlemen, Daughter, that
Have so finely delivered you.
Berania. Gentlemen,
To your protectors I'le be devout,
And beg for a reward due to your Vertue;
All the entreaties of a bended knee
Shall guard my Sacrifice till courteous Heavens
Know the deliverance of an innocent Maid.
Lidorus. Confirm we have serv'd you by excepting it,
The Gods make apprehensions of a Traytor,
Confound himself, his means, all dy'd with horrour,
Speaks daggers to his guilty soul, and saves
His enemy a triall.
Berania. My life payes tribute to your valour.
Petus. If it be valour, Madam, we no way
Can guess it's rising, but from the bright day
Of your own Beauties, which great Nature throws,
And duty ties to the hearts of all those
As profess honour.
Berania. Humble thanks your licent to my departure.
Both. Your obliged Servants.
Occus. Well, Gentlemen, I protest, so I do, this is a
Great kindness; and I vow, I don't know how to
Make you amends, so I don't: but good b'y.
I would thank you a great deal longer, as I
Live-law (de se?) but I vow I am a going home.
(*Exeunt* Occus, Bera. & Hacca.
Petus.

Petus. Do'ſt know this pretty Gentlewoman, prithee?

Lidorus. Why d'ye ask?

Petus. Her Wit, Beauties, and Behaviour are excellent.

Lid. Surprized indeed.

Petus. Be impartial to a Corrector.

Lid. Maintain it who are moſt ſecure
From Love his torments, ſooneſt do endure. (*Exit.*

Petus. What ſudden paſſion, like damp news of death,
Conjures my blood about my heart grown weak?
Becauſe I can't expound a petty riddle
Delivered her, what then? I'le ne're believe,
I alwayes dream'd till now I ha' been Garlick,
Deſtructive to Love's adamantick vertue;
Her very poſture how it preſents it ſelf
Before my intellect, as a true prologue
To ſome future and ſtronger invaſion. (*Exit.*

Enter Berania, Hacca.

Hacca. Prefer the memory of thoſe Gentlemen;
Doubtleſs, Madam, they were ſome that knew you.

Ber. Not one thunderbolt to kill this monſter?

Hacca. Trouble findes eaſe when open'd, Madam,
To my obedience here's, my life. Your counſel
Is further from my mouth than Mahometiſm.

Ber. He in the beard had the voice of *Litus.*

Hacca. Monſtrous villany! Can ſo foul intents
Lie i'th pavement of ſo ſmooth diſguiſe?
The world's deceitful, who by fair words,
Credit, performances juſt and honourable,
Finde one is empty, the other void,
Perfidious.

Ber. I wiſh all been't ſo.

Hacca. That all for one be blam'd, Heavens forbid!
Though foul pretences under fair lie hid;
Yet miſchief gathers miſchief, and who thought
Others to catch, in his own net is caught.

Ber. Providence may pay him ſo. (*Sigh.*

Hacca. Let my induſtry caſe you of theſe ſighs,

Your Siſter's with him often.

Ber. Innocence is preſerv'd by Angels. (*Sigh agen.*

Hacca. Be it criminal, and take away my life,
To ſpeak my Miſtreſs Secrets; tell me, Madam,
What I ha' been I'le ever be,
In life a truſt, to death fidelity.

Ber. Inquire the names of the two Gentlemen
That reſcu'd me, deſcribe the blackeſt moſt.

Hacca. You love, I will dear Madam when I ha' done:
He beg; admittance to kiſs your hand.

Ber. Huſh, here's my Siſters Maid, be intimate, enquire.

Hacca. What ſhe knows is my own already.

Enter Thele.

Thele. Madam, your Siſter prayes your company.

Ber. I'le go my ſelf. (*Exit.*

Hacca. Do'nt *Litus* often wait upon your Miſtreſs?

Thele. I know nothing.

Hacca. Yes, ſhee'd have her Siſter marry him;
His treachery ha's burthen'd all mens ears.

Thele. How! *Hacca.* worſe than a Rape.

Thele. Who told you? *Hacca.* I was by, and ſee it my ſelf.

Thele. Since you know it, no longer I'le deny
Her private malice, his invet'racy

Hacca; Shall be no more the cauſe of diſcontents,
To expectation happen croſs events. (*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Admetus *and* Beucer.

Beucer. IT's all as I tell you.

Admetus. Your Pilot taught you that trick.

Beucer. I loſt my ſilver Hatband aboard.

Admetus. You thought ſhe had been a prey conveighed thither;
By Cidnappers upon that built your hopes,
That *Virginia* would a nurſt your Baſtards:
Inſtead of writing your Maſters Accounts,

Nothing

Nothing was heard but, pray give Miſtreſs *Sarah*
More Punch, white Bisket, Oyl to her Fiſh; her mother
Will oyl your Fiſh. *Beucer*. By this hand I'de not love
A Wench as well as thou for more money
Than you got by *Annoque*-Tobacco laſt year.
Admetus. You love ſmoak too 'tis a ſign, or elſe
You'd ne're a crept i'th' Stow.
Beucer. But ſay, Wilt marry her? I'le adde to the Summe.
Admetus. Marry, I may do ſo.
Beucer. You may.
Admetus. I don't love Flie-blows tho, farewell. (*Exit*.
Beucer. It's eaſie to do that with one finger
Can't be remedied: my buſineſs don't fadge.

Enter Thele.

Thele. Did you ſee *Hacca*?
Beucer. Not I.
Thele. How long ha' you been here?
Beucer. Mum.
Thele. Pray tell me, Sir.
Beucer. ———
Thele. The man's in a maze ſure. (*Exit*.
Beucer. I'me in a maze ſure enough with your face.
That ſure is a Screech-owl to my advancement;
I wiſh I had a Wife, to ſpoil this ugly buſineſs,
This Gentlewoman's better, my conſcience
Is i'th' Spaniſh mode, I'le ſee to get her:
Her name's *Thele*; my Schoolmaſter I remember
S'ed, the Beaſt *Hyena* had that in her
Would bewitch a man to love: I think
This Maid ha's ſome *Hyena* in her too,
I have a Book at home ſ'es, Matriage is (*Argol*.
Honourable, but it is good to be honourable.
I'le take another courſe, uſe this no more,
It's better love a Wife, than keep a Whore. (*Exit*.

Enter Petus.

Petus. Imperial Madam, Could no lucky merit
Reſiſt the charm of an inſulting paſſion?

A foe as juſt as cruel, reſents affronts
With rage, impetuous beyond proud *Turquin*,
I'le do more penance than a Gally-Slave,
That ſpurns his thraldom with laborious ſtrokes:
Eager to anticipate his deſtiny,
I'me guilty to expoltate my crime.
As your deſpiſer ſtrike my heart aſſunder,
But ſave the Love within it, carry it to her;
And tell my own words did it, may be then
One Tear may fall to glue it up agen. (*Exit.*

Enter Latus *Covert from the wood.*

Latus. A vow, as fatal to my purpoſes,
As his wiſht Sword, whoſe gliſt'ring brandiſhings
Makes accents to his words, commands attention:
Muſt I be pillored to diſhonour, ſtand
The moveleſs ſubject of both their hiſſes:
'Tis for *Berania* dye or cut through throngs
Of danger, were revenge i'th' ſame place,
Her favour ſhould a grac't, ſurprize his chants,
E're they cleave air, and come unto her ear.
I ſpeak of things above me, to his ſtrength
My wounds ſet ſeal, may be he's innocent;
Then 'twould be baſe to intend a miſchief, change
Thy fury into reaſon, may chance that may
Invent a ſafer and ſecurer way. (*Exit to the wood.*

Enter Berania *and* Hacca.

Ber. What Bird has croſt thy way? and drove you back
With Omens to our meeting, tell me prithee?
I'm Miſerable of all lovers, that love
And dare not reveal it.

Hac. Nothing but Sunſhine to our intents, Madam
Why grieve you? To your ſmiles I'le bett my Honour,
He ſuffers more for you, than you for him.
I ſee his blood daunt in his face: as if
It were Eclipſt, and ſtrove to maſter Love.

His

His eyes were ſteddy, you paid it again;
Not without checks to thoſe Adamoting Lamps,
For taking ſo much liberty.

Ber. Recount your Progreſs, to me diſſemble nothing.
Ha'ſt ſpok to him? if he be ſworn already
To ſerve another Miſtris, I'le but weep,
And ſing her happineſs, where ſighs ſhall keep
Time to my Song, and part each line from other.

Hac. 'Tis no ſuch matter Madam; let us make
This hour remarkable, by finding out
A way may eaſe us, and reſolve our doubt:
I'le do it thus.

Ber. How?

Hac. I'le go a purpoſe, to ask if he took
The ſword from him, that had the black beard on;
Pretending your miſdeem is ſingly plac't:
And could by ſeeing the ſword judge who it was
Before he anſwers: a diſſembled qualm
Shall beg my excuſe, for leaving him ſo quickly,
He comes my life for't, to reſolve your ſelf.

Ber. I like it, go, let providence beſpeak
A crown for this impoſture 't may deſerve one.

(*Exeunt ſeveral.*

Enter Sarah *and* Beucer.

Sarah. If Love won't, pray let Pitty, of your oths,
And earneſt promiſes, incite you to
A kinder ſatisfaction for my Honour.

Beu. What, alwayes haunted with you as a Ghoſt?
I ha' found me a new Love: Sick you one too.
Admetus told me what would come of meddling with Sluts:
I loſt my Silver Hat-band aboard, following him about.

Sarah. Conſider, how your ſelf ſwore and proteſted,
You were enamoured, of my poor Beauty;
Let the remembrance of your former Love
Be a privation, to your preſent Hate.

Beu. Why? reſt contented, I tell you, if you had not
Been ſo free of your fleſh, I ſhould a loved you ſtill:
And according to *Plato*, I may agen.

(*Exit.*
Sarah.

Sarah. Juſtly diſdained *Sarah*, now thou reap'ſt;
The fruits of thy o're fond credulity.
How oft might I have been candidly intreated?
Had I not thrown away my ſelf upon
The Charybdes of his flattery; which brings
Me to the Scilly of this extremity
To repair my eſteem, by his enjoyment,
Or take revenge for his diſloyalty.
Away! ſhould I, under a nother's name
Diſguiſed, ſeek to vindicate my ſelf
Or reputation, a las I may dye,
I love him too well, uſe fair means, Il'e humbly
Go and complain to Mother, and ſeek her help.
To urge affection, Treaſon lets refrain,
What meekneſs can't? Malice will ne're obtain.

Enter Winifred.

Winifred. Oh! my Daughter! my Daughter! my Child! my Chick! Where haſt' been my Love?
Come pretty *Sarah*, I have not ſeen you I
Know not when. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lidorus.

Lid. Man is but Mortal, his reſolves more brittle
Than Ice a minute old: Certainty
Reſts til 't'as breath, and fly's away agen
For one new reaſon, all faculties ſtrike ſail;
But ſundry paſſions we are ſubject to,
Make Civil-war: then to the victor muſt
A pleaſing object be preſented. Love
Revels in's humours: What ſad ditty is this? (Petus *ſinging within.*

Petus Sings. *Help eaſe great Powers, Why do you thus prevent me,*
And laughing takes a pride ſtill to torment me?
My fears and ſorrows ſadly mourn within,
To ſee their cauſe from troubles ſtill begin.
Then miſerable I, how ſhall I bear it:
Languiſh for Love, and yet muſt not declare it.
(*Entring with Hacca.*)

Hacca.

Hac. I fetch her, Sir;

Lid. 'Tis he
From moaning your condition, your own plaints
Besought me silence; let's confirm our friendship. (*Embrace*
On your resolve to love none, experience
Has preacht a better lesson, then Meditation
Furnisht me with afore you sung.

Enter Hacca, *and* Berania.

Hac. Madam, here's the Gentleman, here's both I think.

Ber. While hot a wound's not felt, in the amazment
Your arms gave period to, I thought of nothing
But gratitude: since (all things quiet) Circumstances,
As Treason seldom goes unpunisht, offers
Me means of finding your, the Sword, my Lords,
Discovers his Master's vilany if 't be he,
Had either of you it from him.

Petus. He run woo't in his hand (Madam) 'tis kept,
To cut his Conscience when he gazes on't.

Enter Occus.

Oc. Well, how now Daughter? I protest (so I do)
I wondred where you were, I vow, your servant, humble Sir,
Your servant, Gentlemen.

Both. Yours.

Ber. Father, to these Gentlemen we owe
Our rescue in the Garden.

Oc. I vow, I think, I thought so, pardon me Sirs, I
Did not know you, I vow, so I do, why we fought
Bravely, I protest law-you, I was never in a worse
Combat in my life, as I live-law, but we came
Well off (de see?)

Lid. Heavens, be thanked.

Oc. Gentlemen, will you please to drink a cup of Wine?
I vow I'de have you come in, (so I would,) be merry
All danger's over now, de-see, I pray' come in do so.

Pet. We'l follow your courtesie, my Lord. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Thele *and* Beucer, *fuddled.*

Beucer. Ah! Sweet *Thele*, Miſtris *Thele* love me.

Thele. I wonder, you importune me ſo.

Beucer. Thou ſweet-ſweet-ſweet-ſweet-ſweet face,
Wo'd I had thee I'de give all the desks in my Bond.

Thele. I muſt confeſs you are ſo charming, that
Your Rhetorick, like *Orpheus* his Harp, would make
Stones flye about your head. *Beu.* If you'l ha' me,
My Rhetorick ſhall make ſtones flye about your
Ah ah ah ah ah head too.

The. Why, you are fuddl'd, you are in a pickle

Beu. Of Cucumbers, it's ſalt to ſee you want ha me I'me ſure.

Thele. Go ſleep: till ſober ſober carriage, then,
And better manners learn, come we agen. (*Exit.*

(Beucer *runs after her.*)

Enter Winifred, Sarah, *and* Admetus.

Win. Ah, my dear Duck! where ha'ſt been my Love?
Come Dear, we'l go home and ha' a pot of ale, my Love;
Alack I'm undone! help, help, help, my Delight weeps:
Who ha's hurt my Love? I'le ta' 'um away.

Sar. If I, dear mother, have tranſgreſt the Law
Of Nature, what I expect but Juſtice.

Win. Tell me my Joy, I'le beat, kick, ſcratch, claw, bite 'm;
My Dear, who ha's hurt my Love?

Sar. Have patience Mother, and provide your ear
To hear my loſs, the ſtory I'le declare,
And beg your pardon; my Lord *Oeeus* his man.

Win. I am a'moſt mad, my Love.

Sar. Pray hear. *Beucer* coming aboard the Ship
Where I was then to take my leave of my Uncle,
Profeſt me Love; and with a thouſand ſighs
Mingled entreaties, ſoliced. (*weeps.*)

Win. Come, come, come, go on quick, ſpeak my Dear.

Sar. My good will that Heavens know I thought
Was innocent and conjugal, his laſting
Importunities and promiſes,
Of Marriage took my honour from me. I
O'recome by his deluding tongue, am forc't

To

To wail my hard fortune, and wailing so,
Augment my griefs, and they augment my woe,
Without the least hope of comfort.

Win. Oh oh! I'm undone, I ha' lost my Daughters Virginity, Virginity, I ha' lost my Daughters Virginity.

Sar. Pray Mother hear.

Win. Oh! I ha' lost my Daughters Virginity.

Sar. Good *Admetus* be pleased to relate his leaving me,
Tears stop my utterance.

Win. Tell on Love, tell on Duck; tell me Sir.

Admetus. After this the Knave dishonestly leaves your Daughter,
And I believe is in love with another.

Win. Is this true Daughter, my Joy?

Sar. True, Mother.

Win. I'le claw the Rogue's Nose off. { *Exeunt running.* / *Exeunt all.*

Enter Lidorus *and* Petus.

Lid. The entertainment was good,

Pet. Cruel Love! that takes his chief delight,
To use his fury, and display his spight;
Frowning he laughs, and strives to punish still
A Wretch with death, and yet denies to kill.
I love to see her, and her very eye,
As soon as seen, makes me dissolve and dye.

Lid. Unless you'd shake me off, expel these words,
'T bewraies your folly.

Enter Winifred *wildly.*

Win. I pray did you see *Beucer* the Rogue, the Villain? I'le
Claw him to pieces, the Rogue. (*Exit.*

Lid. You want not the Lion's Kall or Herb *Philocrassa*,
As Naturalists name't, to touch her hand,
Perfume her chamber, or mingle in her drink:
She loves you well enough already: nothing
Disorders notes, and breaks your harmony,
But silence to a friend runs open-arm'd,
The sweetest message of all history.
I'le be your Spokes-man. *Petus.* Miracle of honour! (*Embrace.*

Lid. Promise to meet me here betwixt these Walls,

I'le sing your Lullaby, and borrow breath
From the wing'd words of your *Berania*.

Petus. My life and fortune wait upon the news.

Lid. Attend my return. (*Exeunt, several.*

Enter Litus *and* Losana, *several.*

Li. Your Sister loves. *Losana*. Any other than your self?

Lit. To be disobedient. *Los*. And perverse.

Li. More than all this. *Los*. How?

Li. She sleights your counsel, mocks your Fathers threats,
And, worse, o'rethrows her modesty: that custom
Which bears out Ladies, to expect the prayers
Of servants kindled by a hot denial,
Is buried in her thoughts; she out-does shame.

Los. Be particular.

Lit. Among these Trees I heard her Lover mourn,
The giddy mixt words of a strucken Soul,
Desires Oratour for *Berania*.
He went, she came attended by her Maid,
'Twixt his complaints and her rash impudence,
Comparison is lost; she stretcht invention
For wayes to make him know she lov'd him,
Devises stratagems to see him, runs
The rest of punishments for violating
Her self, and friends to your serious thoughts
Contempts as plain as day; her wantonness
And toleration in't, it plows up duty,
Sows pride in'ts place; and, if suffer'd to grow,
Will o're-top your endeavours to reclaim her.
Your birth puts briars in your hand, why use them,
Blow down her *Babel*.

Los. 'Twas my Father's will
As well as mine, a mischief 'fore 'tis hatcht
Is bended; lightly grown benums those Joynts
That reach it's head: For desperate Maladies
Let's use severe purgations. Tyrants rule
By being smooth'd up in their Cruelty.
Then torments pay their tutors negligence,
Who nourish sucking Vices with a Platter.

I'le

I'le break her or my ſelf, let's ſet a time.

Lit. Do it when you pleaſe.

Loſ. Don't fail, till then I'le ſeem
Honey to both. (*Exit.*

Lit. My heart forbids me, and I'le never ſee,
Her wed another that refuſed me. (*Exit.*

Enter Berania *and* Hacca.

Hac. Hee's a fine Gentleman, Madam.

Ber. His carriage puts me to a greater muſe
Than *Sphinx*'s Riddle; What do'ſt gather *Hacca*
From his motions? *Hac.* I'm no Diviner, Madam.

Enter Lidorus.

Lid. A Gentleman, Madam, whom I dare ſpeak vertuous
In doing Juſtice, was ſurprized and taken;
He ſuffers hardſhip in his cloſe Confinement,
And ſeeks deliverance; his courteous Keeper
Craves but your hand and word for his Releaſe.

Ber. I know him not.

Lid. A Stranger aſſaulted by a crew of Thieves
Already his maſters, when paſt hopes of life,
Is ſuccour'd by a noble Paſſenger,
Not without wounds to th' Victor, whoſe dumb ſigns
Seek help from him he reſcu'd: if he can,
And won't contribute to the cure of t'other,
Ean't he ingrateful?

Ber. In the higheſt degree.

Lid. The Pris'ner is Lord *Petus*, Madam.

Ber. You aſtoniſh me.

Lid. Your Pris'ner.

Ber. How?

Lid. To your Graces and Beauties; 'tis ſo.

Ber. I like your mirth, but change your ſubject.

Lid. Millions of ſighs beg leave to kiſs your hand,
Confirm your Judgement to the caſe I put;
His flames conſume him, quench 'm with one word,
Let me haſte to his Deliverance.

Ber.

Ber. 'Twould be too coy his Service to deny,
To grant it argues too much levity.
Lid. 'Twould not be lightneſs to reſolve a Grant,
'Tis for his Life, Madam, deny't you can't.
Ber. Love e're he ſeeks it, that's immodeſt, ſo,
Lid. Mercy before modeſty ought to go.
Ber. Yea, where the time can diſpence but of one,
Lid. It don't this kill that will revive alone.
Ber. Let's try both then, one with the other will
More welcome be, good is diſcern'd by ill.
Lid. To afflict one ſo caſt down wo'd be too rough,
'Tis ſin to tread what's trodden down enough.
Ber. Time future may what preſent can't produce;
Then of this favour let him makegood uſe.
Lid. I'le carry his pardon. (*Exit.*
Hac. The Stars take care of you, Madam,
Here's a Preſent beyond expectation;
You ſav'd your bluſhes i'th' conqueſt too.
Ber. Our inventions may ſleep hereafter.
Hac. How finely coy you were! I ſee Diſguiſe
Is the Familiar of a Lady, Madam.
This verifies the Proverb:
Women like Shadows are, which if you ſhun,
They'l follow; but purſue 'm, away they'l run. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Beucer *and* Thele.

Beucer. Miſtris, the emptineſs of my belly may tell you
How ſorry I am for my laſt offence.
Thele. Then you faſt for your looſeneſs
Beucer. Of life you mean; I can ſooner be without my
Ears than ſeeing you.
Thele. You flatter.
Beu. Like a Magpie.
Thele. You diſſemble.
Beu. This knocks down my ambition, if I do not wait
Upon you, that is to ſay, have your company; for
Sadneſs I am a ſecond *Melpomene.*
Thele. But not half ſo grave.

Ent.

Enter Occus *and* Winifred *with a ſtick.*

Win. Oh you Rogue *Beucer*, 'tis he, 'tis he. (*goes to beat him.*

(Beucer *runs behinde* Occus.)

Occ. Why I vow ſo I do, this is a diſgrace.

(Winifred *runs about after* Beucer.)

(Occus *holds her ſtick.*)

Occus. Nay, hear woman, I vow I never ſee ſuch a woman I' my life, I proteſt ſo I do.

Win. I ha' loſt my Daughters Virginity, the Raſcal had it Aboard the Ship, and now leaves my Girle.

Beu. Speak ſoftly, and I'le anſwer you.

Occus. Why I vow, why did you do ſo? you are a Knave; De ſe, as I live-law, marry her, marry her.

Win. Do, ſhe's my onely Girle, then I'le love thee my Chuck.

Beucer. Be patient, ſhe's handſom I muſt needs confeſs. (*Exit.*

Occus. Why law-now he may marry her in time.

Win. If he don't, my Lord, I'le ſcratch the Rogue.

Enter Berania, Hacca, Loſana, *and* Thele.

Ber. Here's my Father, Siſter.

Occus. I Daughters I am here about an ugly buſineſs: I vow I wiſh the Devil had it, ſo I do.

Loſ. Pray Sir tell it us.

Occ. I vow one thing comes before another, that I can't Speak a word, I'm ſo vext, as I'm here.

Loſ. Pray Sir tell it us.

Win. (*Weeping and curching*) I will forſooth Miſtris. My Daughters Virginity! *Beucer*, the Rogue *Beucer* Ha's lain with my Daughter, and ſleights her.

(*Goeth and ſpeaks to* Thele.)

How d' you Cozen, *Beucer* the Rogue ha's defil'd My Daughters Virginity aboard a ſhip, and now ha's left her.

Thele. Ha's he ſo! (O Goodneſs!) Aunt be patient. Is't poſſible? pray Aunt ſay nothing of it, Till I give further order; ſeem to forget it.

Win. I will indeed forſooth Cozen. (*Exit.*

Thele. Beucer, how can you profeſs love to me, And have abus'd my Cozen? It's well I know it; May be I'le help it, Wiſdom inſtruct me in't. (*Exit.*

Occus.

Occus. Well Daughters, de ſe, I'le leave you I vow. (*Exit.*

Lof. Siſter, your ſtrangeneſs troubles me; if Love
Take up your fancy, tell me, to your counſel
I'le be as faithful as your inward thoughts.
Your Looks ſpeak Paſſion.

Ber. Yours not Philoſophy.

Lof. Truth needs no gloze, Lord *Petus* claims you his.

Ber. Who told you?

Lof. A Friend,
They know more than my ſelf. (*Exit with* Hacca.

Lof. Wan't *Litus* potent good enough for you?
Ha's too much pride bewitcht you? he ſ'es true,
You do inſult, and more, if ſuffer'd, will.
It's good remedying new ſprung miſchief ſtill:
'Tis my reſolve e're you two married be,
I ha' vow'd a ſtop. *Litus*, A Tragedy. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Lidorus *and* Petus.

Petus. WElcom *Lidorus*--------.

Lidorus. Snatch that word agen,
Do not miſtake the livelineſs that ſits
Upon my Face is to add to perſ vaſion;
That you would bear the news of doubtfull things
With a ſtay'd Courage.

Pet. Some religious man
Be ſo't to prepare me for a death
To th' world and all his vanities: within
A narrow Cloyſter I'le hem in't my wiſhes;
And when the Bell rings to a rigid meeting,
Repent my earthly thoughts, and puniſh them
With hard mortifications: ſpeak my doom,
Or point it rather, let ſome dying ſign
Throw my miſfortune in my face, that I
May huſh up all in ſilence.

Lid. Take it then, (*makes a ſign.*

Stay'd

Stay'd courage leſt you ſhould be extaſi'd
With joy, and make your ſuccour your undoing,
Like thoſe are a'moſt ſtarv'd when they ſee meat,
Expire with greedineſs. *Petus.* What doubtful things
Should check my welcome to you. *Lidorus.* Can'ſt believe
A man may be in Paradice e're he prayes for't?
Or hover amongſt Angels e're he thinks it?
Pet. As to his thoughts may be.
Lid. Then be ſo.
Upon my honour all ſhe commands you,
Is to be faithful; ſuch a glorious Flower
Ne're bloſſom'd in ſo ſhort a time before:
Her words are full of ſweetneſs, mild and fair,
Courteous as may be, free from fond allurements.
I beg'd your life, ſhe grants it, viſit her,
And find more than I tell you to be true.
Pet. Say but ſhe's mild, and I'le out-dare worſt fate,
And kind, there's ne're another word like that:
It lifts my fancy higher than the ſtory of *Elizium.*
Lid. Take my faith to't, mild and kind too.
Pet. Sure the Sphears ſing to beguile me;
Upon your memory ten thouſand thanks
Shall dwell: I'le publiſh how much friendſhip is
In *Liſborn*, in your ſelf with ſuch an accent, (*Embrace.*)
'T ſhall more an imitation till the world,
Know to be honourable.
Lid. Your pardon, Sir.

Enter Occus.

Occus. Well, how d'ye Gentlemen? d'e ſee, Sir, I am come
About a buſineſs of very great exigence as I
Live-law, ſo I am I vow: the caſe is thus Law-you;
I heard you were in Love with my Daughter,
(D'e-ſee) and I vow ſhe might a had a Lord
With a great Eſtate, (d'e-ſee) but as I live-law
I am ſo much a friend to Valour, I vow, that if
You have a good Eſtate, look you, Sir, I had as
Live you ſhould have her (d'e-ſee) as any body elſe.
Lid. He poſſeſſes the Revenues of a noble and induſtrious

Family, my Lord.

Occ. Look you, Sir, I an't for complemental words; but here
Stands the case, if my man *Beucer* ſes you are
A pretty Gentleman (d'e ſe) as to Eſtate, as I live-law
I'le preſent to my Daughters marrying you I vow, ſo
I will with all my heart: Can a man ſay more
For his heart-blood, Gentlemen?

Pet. You are all-obliging, my Lord.

Occ. Why every body ſe's ſo, as I live-law: Come ſmoak
A Pipe of Tobacco at my houſe, Gentlemen.

Both. We attend you my Lord. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Beucer *and* Thele.

Beucer. Dear Miſtris I ſigh till I am as hoarſe as a
Parrot, and cry every day, I beſeech you love me.

Thele. If I thought you were in earneſt, I'de let looſe
The reins of love, it's hard to keep 'um in;
You are ſo bewitching.

Beu. To my favour, my face you mean:
If I ben't in earneſt, I wiſh the hands of a
Pick-pocket may deprive me of my Looking-glaſs,
Before I ſee home. (*Pulls out a glaſs and looks in't.*)

Thele. A deep curſe, is it ſo precious?

Beu. A repreſentitive of the external faculties of the
Face; or rather to talk elegantly: The lively object
Of Beauty or deformity; In which we view as it were
The heart through the eyes.

Thele. Theſe are high words indeed,
To be no longer woo'd, I love: and think
The day too long till wee are Married.

Beu. I am mad with joy! Your goodneſs! Your goodneſs!

Thele. Ben't carried away with every beauty,
And leave me; ſeeing I have been ſo free:
And opened my ſelf to you, I could not help it;
Every ſight of you made my ſtomack dance.

Beu. Will you grant one favour, ſweet Miſtriſs?

Thele. In Modeſty, what is't?

Beu. Cool me a little Miſtriſs, it's my modeſty makes
Me mince it ſo.

Thele. Are you hot then?

Beu. Oh! Beyond the Superlitive degree far, alas, that is to ſay, Otherwiſe tormented, you don't know how I burn!

Thele. You an't burnt yet, Sir.

Beucer. But ſcorcht very much, adde that favour to the reſt.

The. My Service is due to you as my Husband, Sir.

Beu. Give me leave to ſatisfie my ſelf with you now, And then, I ſhall dye without it, ſweet Love.

The. I'le obey your will vertuouſly inclin'd, Sir, but I don't know what you mean.

Beu. Onely your company.

The. Henceforth command it.

Beu. And the ſight of Alablaſter Legs, Miſtris.

The. Away, Sir, that muſt crown our Marriage; Rejoyce in this your ſincerity made you the Firſt in my favour.

Beu. I do indeed, this Verſe of my own making tells you So; for I had a good ſign that you would Love me: A Raven cried, *Marry, Marry*, at my Chamber-window afore-day; Now I have all, what elſe can I implore? I ha' got my Love, and I deſire no more.

The. Very good.

Beu. A very good Verſe, we call it a Heroick, it ha's Juſt ten feet, which is the Orthodox Rule Of our Modern Poets. (*Exit Beucer.*

The. The Fool, or rather Knave, thinks I am enamour'd; I am ſo but to ſee my Cozen vindicated: Heavens have heard my prayers, and ſmile down A perfect grant to our own intents; He ſleeps in's pranks ſecurely, litt'e dreaming That I am privy to his waggery. How men ſpeak double to enſnare our Sex With gilded words, when all their purpoſes Are more remote than Eaſt from Weſt, I wiſh I could but ſpeak with her: Boy, you boy. (*Calling.*)

Enter Boy.

Go to *Sarah Moren*, and tell her I ſtay to

Speak with her. (*Exit Boy.*)
Poor Maid, how she builds Castles in the Air,
And dreams of peace if he'd love her again:
Such is the thoughts of pleasure after pain.

Enter Winifred *and* Sarah.

Win. Here, here Cozen, here's my Daughter, my Duck;
I came running in such haste, that I sweat
Intollerably. (*Fans her self.*)

Sar. Dear Cozen, I threw away sadness at your message,
Thinking it might have good news in it.

The. I sent to renew my former charge that you
Would carry all things close and hush, and you,
Aunt *Winifred.*

Win. I forsooth.

The. Be not so mad and furious
With *Beucer*, 'tmay contribute to your good.

Win. I forsooth: I will indeed forsooth.

The. My Mistris expects me. Adieu. (*Exit she.*

Win. Now Daughter, this is brave i'faith! this is gallant!
Hie Boyes! my Daughter, my Duck.

Sar. Let things be carried on in course, I ha' found
Fortune so fickle, that I can't repose
Trust to a benefit before I se't.

Win. Well, my Dear, I'le do so to my Joy, so I will my Love.

Sar. 'Tis possible to see good dayes once more,
Till then submit to that mishap it may be,
To others common in this world we see,
Nothing that's constant but inconstancy.
Not to remedy, yet to grutch is vain;
Use patience where we can't redress our pain:
The darkest nights bright morning still ensue,
After grief joy. (*Exeunt.*

Win. It may be so with you.

Enter two Clowns.

First. You *Tom*, this way mon.

Second. Where are they?

First. I saw their faces, they were like a Queen for gallantry.

Second. You make a fool of one, so you do.

First.

First. I tell you you lie.
Second. Then they'd be here afore now.

Recorders: A Scene discovering Petus *sleeping in a Field, four Nymphs lay their hands on him, and sing.*

1. Nym. *Lovely here thy pleasures pronounce in Joys rich Banket;*
O happy thee, whose eyes shall see such bliss great love be thanked.

2. Nym. *Your prayers are accepted: her heart doth well affect thee;*
Venus *affirms, her Son from harms: of envy shall protect thee.*

3. Nym. *My coming warns thee,* Petus, *of disasters,*
which with a hare thy head hang quivering over;
The Gods agree, no remedy
Shall save thy mirth, O harmless Lover.
By Fate ordain'd, e're thou wert numb'd,
A sudden hate thy Love shall cover.

4 Nym. *Then rest contented, till the time's expired;*
This past, your Joyes shall once again renew,
Thy fury will, lead thee so ill,
Of fight, and almost murther too:
Before the space of many dayes,
What we predict, you'l find it true.

Chorus. Apollo's *will's obey'd, let us address*
Our Nymph-ly posture to the Wilderness. (Exeunt.

Enter two Clowns more.

First. You Rogue you came too late; here was the Rarest singing that e're you saw.

Second. Rare! all mirth! brave Maids! I believe they were Spirits.

Third. You kiss my------Fool, they were Women.

Fourth. So they were, we see 'um go yon way non.

Second. They sung, and did so fashion. (*Sing.*

First. I can tell best, they sung so. (*Both sing together.*

Fourth. What, what Gentleman's this?

Third. U'snigs, look here you, here's a Gentleman.

Fourth. Law-ya-now, you must pay ten groats for Swearing.

Third. What, in jest you Puppy.

First

First and second. He's no more Puppy than your self. } *Strike him*
Third. Who ſes he is? remember this } *both.*
When you come in our ground.
First. What then, Sir?
Third. There you may ſtay for me.
All. A Coward, a Coward, ah ha, aha! (*Exeunt jeering him.*

Petus *makes.*

Petus. What Viſion dare controul my quiet? Now
I'm *Berania*'s I'le meet the ſhapes of night,
And jear their threat'nings, gaze on buſie Spirits,
That would tempt men to dread their helliſh Rhimes,
A power garriſons me from the mumblings
Of huge Succubuſſes, whoſe weighty load
Preſſes mens folly, makes a ſpill, and then
Turns to a Propheſie as falſe as may be.
Till now I fear'd to have the idle actions
Of a diſturb'd brain, leſt it had figur'd out
Some omen to my aim; but ſince ſhe's mine,
I'm not deluded with the lovely ſhape
Of falſeſt Nymphs that bleſs me in a Tune,
Nor pant a'th' curſes of the two laſt Siſters.

Enter Berania.

Ber. What makes you look ſo ſad, Sir? *Pet.* Apparitions.
Ber. Of what? *Pet.* They ſay I ſhall be a murtherer.
Ber. Who? *Pet.* Some that do not know, Madam, what ſtrength
I fetch from every word you ſpeak to tear 'um.
Ber. Tell me the buſineſs.
Pet. Sleeping on this Bank,
Viewing your Idea deriv'd from my laſt thoughts.
Ber. Mine!
Pet. When it is not yours, let it be deaths.
Ber. A ſhape too grim, my Lord; but pray tell on.
Pet. A couple of Maids, I like't them pretty well,
Aſſur'd me of my Heven, your ſelf, Madam.
Ber. No Heven.
Pet. I'de loſe ten thouſand lives for't. *Ber.* Angels
Ordain you for a better. *Pet.* Two came after.
Put clouds upon my hopes, and ſtrove to vail 'um

With

With darts of envy, as thick as showers of hail.

Ber. Shine clearer by contemning fooleries.

Pet. I'le change them to ambition, that you
Instruct me to't, and speak what's in my minde,
A dream, it happens, by contraries this ha's;
'Twas trouble, till now this pleasant Meadows could not
Be sweet by the presence of *Berania*,
Nor I blest with such an encounter.

Ber. Dreams are but fancies, and who grieve or joy
At their portendment, dread and fear a toy.

Enter Occus, Lolana, *and* Lidorus.

Occ. Mishap o' *Beucer* for me, as I live-law he's an arrant
Knave, I vow; well, how d'ye my Lord? we come I vow to
See what you'l do about Marriage: I protest, so I
Do, d'ye love her still? I vow I ask because I don't
See you prate and talk, and hug her.

Pet. To answer your demands is not——

Lid. To speak, we know your mind, an imprecation
Tail'd with a sigh, and silence is enough
To your favour, Madam, this man owes——

Ber. Inquiry how you pleaded for him.

Occ. A Lawyer are you?

Lol. What's your Fee, Sir?

Lid. But to kiss your hand;
Then I'le confine your angry brow to limits,
Your servants dye else, take a Prefident. (*Points to* Berania.)

Lol. A Gipsie can't speak more, know things aforehand.

Lid. I'le work that wonder, Madam, he confirms; (*Points to* Petus.)
I ha' studied Phisnomy, told him his fortune.

Ber. What was that? *Lid.* His imprisonment.

Pet. To you?

Lid. He'd sooner speak a line without a vowel,
Than leave abusing, those were Ladies Servants.

Lol. It's punisht with a great deal of sorrow.

Occ. D'ye talk of trouble and sorrow already, (d'e-fe?)

Ber. She speaks backwards, Sir.

Occ. Why, I vow that's the way to raise the devil, they
Say to speak backwards, so they do, don't, don't I pray.

Pet.

Pet. No Sir, the Devil is raised by a *Planetæ impositione Retrogressa*, as they call it.

Los. What's that? what is it like?

Occ. Why I vow, it's like to fright me out of my wits,
So it is, to hear you talk so barbastically of
Old-Nick, as I live-law.

(Litus *passes through behind them.*)

Los. Language will be cheap, my Father farms it.

Occ. Come, come prithee. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Hare, *and three other Comrades.*

Hare. Troth I am vext at the old Fool *Occus*, he ha's
Got a Bond of me for almost two hundred Pounds,
And no Witness but my Hand and Seal, (I would I had it)
And the Doterd keeps such a quarter to have in
His money, that I can't rest for him, and to
Disburst so much I can't neither: He's an old doting
Fool as ever I see.

First. Why don't you make one of him, and get your
Bond then?

Second. May-be he's a cunning Fool.

Third. I rather think so.

Hare. Here stands the business, I borrowed this money to
Build two or three small Houses; afterwards I morgag'd them,
And spent the money, and now this old Lord Fool
Would have me pay it.

Second. We can tell your meaning, you would put a trick
Upon him, and get the Bond without money.

Hare. Why faith I would and I know companions you
Are very ready in such businesses, you don't vvant
Wit; if you do't, I'le give you forty Pounds betvveen you.

First. I am afraid it vvould be difficult to obtain, by
Reason his Man *Beucer* ha's the keeping of it; vve
Must do it by a vveild.

Third. For forty Pounds vve'l venture a broken Pate.
A trick, a trick.

Hannibal oft by policy ha's got
The Fort, his military strength could not.

Hare. My true hearts be stout, I'le vvarrant vve do the deed.

Enter

Enter Occus.

Occus. Mr. *Hare*, I vow I believe you'll put me to trouble, to get my own money, ſo I do: I wonder you'll be ſo diſhoneſt, as I'm here.

Hare. Have patience my Lord, I am here with three men that owe me mony, to pay in yours, if I can get it: they promiſe to do their beſt for me.

Occus. Beſt and worſt, all's one to me: if you pay it in, d'ye ſee? you'll have your bond, and be out of harms way, ſo you will.

Hare. Why I tell you Sir, ſtay but till theſe men tell me what they'll do, and I'll have my bond.

Occus. Why law you, becauſe you are my friend I'll ſtay ſo long, ſo I will; but I vow, no longer, ſo I won't. [*Exit.*

Firſt. 'Twas well you ſaid we owed you mony; a good conceit.

Hare. You hear him ſay he'll be delayed no longer, it will be worth our time, prethy gentlemen lets plot quickly; the reward as ſoon as the work's perform'd.

Third. You ſpeak nobly, lets lay our heads together
To get the Paper, let our Genius tend,
And if we looſe our labour there's an end.

[*Walk about a turn or two.*

Look here Sirs, I conceive this will be the beſt way, one of us ſhall go and tell *Occus* that he believes *Hare* is in a very poor condition; and that he believes *Occus* will looſe his mony, if he don't look after him, but ſhall diſſwade him from arreſting him, for fear that undoes him, *&c.* Then if he requires counſel in this caſe, he ſhall tell him, that he knows a cunning man, to whom if he goes with his bond, he's ſure he can give him good advice.

Hare. Well ſaid, by this hand thou haſt a politick pate of thy own.

Third. Then I'm ſure he'll go, for the old fool will ask of the Devil before he'll looſe his mony: then one of you ſhall be the Conjurer: when he comes, dont ask to ſee the bond, leſt it beget ſuſpition; for *Beucer* has taught him not to truſt his Father with ſuch things: but make a Circle. You Mr. *Hare* ſhall be dreſt like a Devil: ſtrange words we muſt uſe (but my life for't) rather

then he'll be torn to pieces, he throws down the bond; if ſo, take it up and keep it. [*All hallow.*

Hare ſhall be the Devil; you the Conjurer (*to the ſecond*;) and I'll be his perſwader.

All. Amatch.

Third. Go attire your ſelf (*to* Hare:) And you Mr. Conjurer be ready at a call.

Second. I will, *I* warrant you: do you ſtand and ſee private (*to the firſt man*,) I'll to perſwade him.

[*Exeunt all but firſt man.*

Firſt. I ſhall get my part of Forty pounds for ſeeing
A trick; I'd be hired ſo always; it's good.
Mony, and pleaſure too, 's a double gain:
I'll have the cole, and they may ſhare the pain. [*Exit.*

Enter Occus *and third man.*

Third. I came a purpoſe, my Lord.

Occus. Well Sir, what d'ye ſay?

Third. My Lord, love to you bids me tell you of a thing that may ſomething concern you.

Occus. What is't? what is't, d'ye ſee?

Third. Sir, I hear Mr. *Hare* oweth you nigh two hundred pounds; he is in a very poor condition, and I believe, except you get it of him very ſuddenly, you will looſe it, for he is down the winde.

Occus. Why I vow, ſo I do, I'll arreſt him, ſo I will, as I'm here.

Third. No, Sir, then he's an undone man, you'll ne'er get it ſo.

Occus. Why, what would you ha'me do, d'ye ſee?

Third. Here liveth a cunning man hard by, that is able to reſolve you in all ſuch points, how you ſhall get your mony, for a ſmall piece.

Occus. Prethy tell me where he lives, *I* proteſt I'll go to him, *I* vow, ſo *I* will.

Third. Stay, my Lord, I'll go fetch him, he lives at next door. [*Exit.*

Occus. Why, *I* vow, *I* think *I* was wrapt in my Mothers ſmock, ſo

ſo *I* do, every body loves me ſo, ſo they do, I vow, to tell me how to get my money, as I'm here.

Enter third Man and Conjurer.

Third. This is he, my Lord.

Occus. Why, Sir, after humble commendations, *I* vow, there is a man, his man is Mr. *Hare*, as I'm here, a duce take him for a knave, oweth me almoſt two hundred pounds, and he won't pay me, *I* vow: *I* came to ask your counſel, ſo *I* do, for a ſmall piece, d'ye ſee?

Conjurer. Have you brought your bond, my Lord?

Occus. No, Sir, but I'll fetch it, d'ye ſee? [*Exit running.*

Conjurer. Now for my ſkill.

Enter Occus *with the bond.*

Occus. Here it is, d'ye ſee?

Third. *I* have buſineſs, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Conjurer. Well, will you ſtand ſtill?

I, I, I, I, I vow. [*Conjurer makes a Circle.*

Conjurer. Your mony comes, my Lord, all to you, I'll warrant you, when we have made a Scheme; Earth and *Saturn*, you'll have it.

Occus. So much the better.

Conjurer. My Lord, you will ſtand ſtill be ſure.

Occus. Shall I ha' my mony then?

Conjurer. No fear: hold up your bond in your right hand.

Occus. I, I will hold it as faſt as you will, I vow.

Conjurer. Hy ſurge tu grande nebulo. [*He makes figures.*

[Occus *ſhaking, draws further off.*

Iterum per nomen Poldavi ſurge. [*Devil riſes.*

Occus. Satan I defie thee, Satan I defie thee, d'ye ſee?

O I'll ha'no mony, I'll ha'no mony. [*crying.*

[*Conjurer goes behind* Occus *and holds him.*

Conjurer. Throw down the bond, or we ſhall be torn.

[*Devil rumbles.*

[Occus *goes to throw it down twice or thrice, and pulls back.*

Occus. I'th' Red Sea for ever, i'th' Red Sea lay him.

Conjurer. Down with it, or you dye. [*Devil ſteps further.*
Occus. O good, O good. [*Throws down the bond, and runs away.*
[*Devil takes it up, unvails his face.*

Devil. Here 'tis, our will's obtain'd, our ſkill is ſhown,
The deed is done, and now the bond's my own:
Wit plays the critick, Policie keeps ſchool,
I've got my wiſh, and Devil take the fool. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. 1.

Enter Lonus *and a Servant.*

Lonus. Diſconſolate old man under an Aſpect
Shewing afflictions, were thy Infant-griefs
Conceived: Oh my Son *Litus*, is he dead?
Gray-hairs repoſe your ſorrow in the Grave;
Oblivious of all future happineſs;
Is he devoured? Monſtrous cruelty!
Barbariſm in wilde Beaſts; could you not content
Your hungry ſtomacks, with the woful ruines
Of my deceaſed life, ſo often walking
Through diſmal Alleys of your woody territories?
But you muſt chaw the Branch of all our Race.
Servant. Be not immoderate, my Lord, in ſorrow;
May be ſome nimble Buck, while he was hunting,
Was trac'd to death by his toilſome purſuit;
Or elſe ſo far, ſome honeſt paſſer by
Muſt guide his looks to homeward: thouſand chances
Hinder intents of coming back; and yet
When he returns, makes mirth to think upon't.
Lonus. No, he's loſt.

Enter Hacca.

Pray young Gentlewoman, do you hear report of Lord *Litus?*

Hacca.

Hacca. Do I dream? or is his Villany before me? I'm terrified at's thoughts.

Lonus. How dar'ſt O baſe woman [*Takes her by the ſleeve.*
Stain my Sons honour with the name of Villain?
Unleſs your words be reaſonable, I'll make
My aged hands the tragick inſtruments
Of your untimely murther.

Hacca. Hold, my Lord, I have cauſe enough to ſpeak it.

Lonus. Out with't quickly.

Hacca. If he's your Son, Sir, underſtand he lately
Fained to ſigh for my Miſtriſs *Berania*;
But ſhe knowing his raſhneſs, would not ſuffer
Him ſee, much leſs to confer with her: At which,
I weep to name it, he gave ſo much ſcope
To his vile paſſion, that he hir'd a Ruffin,
Help'd by himſelf, to force her from the Garden,
As ſhe was walking with her Father and me:
She had periſh'd, had not two young Gentlemen
Reſcu'd her fainting ſoul; they kill'd his Ruffin,
Drove him away, my Lord; and ſince that time
Shame has conceal'd him.

Lonus. Swear that this is true.

Hacca. By all my love to truth.

Lonus. Now farewel comfort,
Long ſince I have predicted ſome diſaſtrous
And gloomy accident to follow his
High-minded ſtubbornneſs; Oh me, oh me!

Servant. A chair, a chair, my Lord faints.

Enter Servant with a chair: he ſits in't.

Lonus. My ſons departure, tells me I muſt have
A doleful life, or elſe a doleful grave.
Fear ne'r to ſee him more, affrights me ſo,
It makes me loth to ſtay, and loth to go;
Leſt he ſhould live ſtill, then if I expire,
'Twould kill his joy, and kill my own deſire.
I'll tarry, perchance Heavens ſo kinde may be,
To revive my Son, and ſo to revive me.

By

By his return, if not, I'll yeild my breath,
First due to sorrow, and next due to death.
But why cheer *I* so? if he liv'd, ah then,
He'd send me news by word, or news by pen,
To ease my fears, or else expel my grief
By a quick burial, or a quick relief.
He's gone, I forgive you, now suffer me [*To* Hacca.
To slide from this vale of extremity.

Enter another Servant.

Servant. My Lord, I've here one lately see your son i'th' wood hereby.

Lonus. Away, kill me no more.

Enter Marus.

Marus. What news, my Lord, has taught your eyes to weep?
Shed one tear more, and let that be bestowed,
For not accepting crosses as you should:
The change of all things here puts you in minde,
You're tossed like a Ball between the Rackets;
Shew your self Master of your passions; use 'um
As a wise Angler, play 'um all to death.

Lonus. My son is buried, but where *I* know not.

Servant. Since this days dawning, Sir, his son was seen
Alive and well in these adjacent Woods.

Marus. Won't all perswade a change, my Lord? believe it,
Breath while there's hopes, the truth is quickly known.

Lonus. How I pray?

Marus. If he's there, you have waies enough
For his recovery: beseech the King
His Forests may be search'd, and every place
Suspected, enter'd by his Commission:
The Seal makes people double diligent;
Let your reward provoke them to industry.

Lonus I'll go and beg that favour of the King.

[*Exeunt all but* Hacca.

Enter Thele.

Hacca. Poor man, how sad he is!

By Joy

Joy to you Miſtriſs,
Make much of your Servant *Bencer*.

Thele. Is he mine?
Steward, count out a hundred Dollers for her,
Your news deſerves it; till now, *I* could not truſt
So fair a Fortune.

Hacca. 'Tis ſo, never mock.

Thele. Forget to part the Caſh, add ten times more,
It's ſeconded; the *Guinian* Neger never
Humm'd for his paſſage more to ſerve a Maſter,
Then I at this; may it be credited?

Hacca. As what you ſee.

Thele. The buſineſs Amorous
Takes up the thoughts, awakes and conveys them
To skreeks of ſlumber; as the matter is,
A pill cant half ſo pleaſant; this has waſh'd
Diſturbance down: I can freely inquire
The love and progreſs of *Beranta*.

Hacca. Diſſemble what you know, all is providing;
We wiſh his voice be clear, bids 'um good morrow
After the Muſick of the Marriage-night.
My Miſtriſs airs out ſweeteſt expectation
To drive the time away.
Occus is free to't, no impediment
Stains blew proceedings, but Lord *Petus* Father,
Who I don't know his reaſon, keeps at diſtance,
But 'twill away, it has been motion'd twice.

Thele. Patience to hearing's the firſt ſign of grant:
He's faint, whoſe Fathers firſt repulſe doth dant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Occus.

Occus. Vile, damn'd, rotten, pockie, ugly, deviliſh Dogs, I vow, they have got my mony and my bond, ſo they have; a Devil on 'um, I'll ſee the Devil Hang'd, as I live, law ſo I will, before I'll go to him again, for a Rogue as he is, I'vow, to come to cheat ſo, as I'm here: I believe the Witches ſent him: it's a damn'd thing to be a Conjurer.

Enter

Enter King, Guard, Chancellor and Lonus.

[Occus *aside peeping.*

Lonus. May't pleaſe your Majeſty.

King. Riſe up, my Lord.

Lonus. To grant me one Petition 't may put off
The ſorrows that do over-whelm my heart,
For my ſons loſs.

King. Name it, be confident,
Your former Services lye freſh within me,
I'll do more then you ask.

Lonus. Humble thanks, Sir,
Betwixt this mornings fits of fate, when ſcarce
I could wiſh any thing but to end my life,
A beam warm'd me a little; and thus it was,
My ſon was ſeen alive; grant me ſo much,
All places may be ſearched with your order:
His golden mouth that tells me tidings of him,
Shall be inrich'd with a reward that's fit.

King. Why went he away?

Lonus. I know not, but being out,
Some private grief is pleas'd with wandring,
And keep him there, if he's alive.

King. I grant it,
Give whom my Lord appoints a large Commiſſion,
[*To the Chancellor.*
To examine what's ſuſpected; wiſh you tydings.

Chancellor. It ſhall be done.

Lonus. Heavens bleſs your Majeſty.

King going forth, enter Occus. *Kneels.*

Occus. Your worſhip, your honour, Majeſty, King, King, the Devil has got my bond, ſo he has, I vow, I pray give it me agen.

King. The Devil your bond, my Lord? I can't help that. [*Exit.*

Occus. So, ſo, this is very brave, the King can grant other things, ſo he can, I vow; but he won't grant me, ſo he wont, I ſhall be plagued ſtill; a Devil 'um all for me, that mony would a bought me and my daughter new clothes to the Wedding, ſo it would, I vow; he had a confoundable great pair of horns, ſo he had. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hare *and the three Men.*

Hare. Now our buſineſs fadg'd gallantly, it did.

2 *Man.* I, thank me.

3 *Man.* I got him here with a flea in his ear, to you Mr. Conjurer with your figures.

Firſt. Your figures got the bond.

Second. (*Sings*) Old *Occus* thought we Saints had been,
He ſee us ſtand ſo civil;
Till I took him by the ſhoulder,
And thruſt him to the Devil.

Third. Now you have your bond, let's go and have our mony.

Hare. 'Tis due. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter four Clowns liſtning.

Firſt. My Lord *Lonus* ſayes I ſhall have mony enough, if I finde him.

Second. You? I'll finde him firſt, or I'll look as Nunkle *Morris* does the Hedges for a Hare, faith.

Third. Swaukers, we'll all go, go whoop and hollow, till we make him ſee, if he be to be ſeen, I'll warrant you.

Fourth. You Owls, I'll make him come with a ſufforarah, as the Gentle-folk ſay.

Firſt. If *I* finde him, I'll drink Sack with all the mony.

Second. You drink Sack? you drink a --- won't you?

Third. Out on ſuch an unmannerly baſtard to ſay ----; you're a great booby.

Fourth. Hie to our work, before *George.* [*Exeunt ſinging.*

Enter Petus *and* Marus.

Petus. Tell me ſome reaſon, Sir, 'tis eaſie for you
To contradict my remedy, becauſe
You have forgot it's torments; yeild to it,
Requite my duty with a Fathers grant:
Did you but feel the flames I do, your own
Tortures would kneel for a whole Sea to quench 'um.

Marus. Check your pretended fancy; to my care
Commit your ſelf, I'll chuſe a match ſhall pleaſe you:
Our Countries wide, within the circle on't
I'll fetch a beauty ſhall deface your Miſtriſs,

And bring you to your right minde.

Petus. Give conſent
I marry her, or elſe command my grave;
One of them two muſt end my love or life.

Marus. In ſons obedience beſt beſuits the minde
To Fathers precepts, as the Clouds by winde.

Petus. Yea, where obedience grees with good, 'tis ſo:
But 'tis not good to kill me; pitty ſhow.

Marus. *I* will in giving what my ſelf affects.

Petus. To pleaſe it ſelf, Love others ſtill neglects.

Marus. Why Love approaching miſchief cannot ſee.

Petus. If that betyde, lay all your blames on me.

Marus. 'Tis vain to move what's fixt: Heavens bleſs your choice,
That in your joys, we both may like rejoyce;
And not to ſtrive againſt the ſtream, I here
Approve your love ſhown to your lovely deer.

Enter Loſana, Thele *and* Lidorus.

Petus. Tell *Berania*, I am happy, ſiſter;
Heavens ſhrowd from ills: *Lidorus* now deſcend---

Lidorus. Maſkers, or what?

Petus. Undiſguis'd, I'll ſhew
Them all the way to Heaven.

Loſana. Why muſt we leave you?

Petus. Underſtand me, Lady, 'tis ſo nigh,
I'll look at it as the wiſe Elephant
Adores the Moon, and uſe variety
Of contemplation to expreſs my Jubil.

Lidorus. Forget to ſigh then.

Petus. *I* may uſe a few that 'tis no neerer.

Loſana. I'll go carry her word,
'Twould be too harſh tho: won't your patience, Sir,
Make earthquakes till its ſpent?

Lidorus. Now what are Ladies?

Petus. Forgive, my Lord, han't I had puniſhment?
If not, I'll leave the ſeat of Cherubins
And be your Vaſſal; 'fraid to ſpeak, I'll wait
the ſloweſt motion of your hand or eye
That calls me to't again: conſult definers
Of Angels or of women; let 'um ring

With

With words of rapture above all the flouriſhes
Have been invented ſince the time of *Rome:*
I'll ſwear they ſay true, when they call 'um gods.
If this won't do, perſwade ſome gentle Beauty
To ſtick me for a year; and all that while
I'll cry its juſt, and with my lateſt breath,
Damn my condition, 'fore *I* was converted.

Loſana. You make us think you worſhip every thing a Lady has laid hands on.

Lidorus. I, and cringe
At a white Peticote a mile from him;
Be real, and under that conſideration,
You'll finde a new world all made of delight.

Petus. There's other things between.

Loſana. How now, my Lord!

Lidorus. Elſe every one would make diſcovery.

Marus. Women and truth are beſt, when naked, ha'
The ſweetneſs of imagination, when
Their lovely bluſhes in a pretty face
Are fancied, telling us of all our ſins.

Lidorus. Or but one touch of their hands charm with pleaſure:
Refiners are not half ſo jocund, Sir,
To ſee gold drops fall thick as Rain from Ore
That promiſt little.----

Marus. As *I*, my Lord, have been
About your age to dwell on the melting lips
Of thoſe ſweet Females.

Lidorus. Excellent, *I* faith, it poſts to him, my Lord.

Loſana. Nothing more welcome,
I have often wiſh'd to ſee my Siſter muſe;
A reverend Prieſt would joyn 'um both together.

Lidorus. What undiſcerned miſchief dare lurk private?
The aſſenting trumpets of our holy Temples,
Confound all Treaſon; her one preſence has
Power to kill the infection of an Adder
That leaps croſs their candid intentions.

Loſan. None can be ſure of futures; every point
Of time's defended from black Maladies

By ſomething pious, or the influence
Of proſperous ſighs.

Lidorus. Where both are pure as they,
I'll propheſie the eights of Harmony.

Loſana. Curſt not to credit you.

Lidorus. Your baſhfulneſs [*To* Petus.
Kept you at diſtance, like a well-bred Maſty,
Will ſee a ſhoulder of Mutton in a Diſh,
And Periſh ere he'll taſte it. 'Twas me Madam
Beat the Alarm.

Petus. Noble Centinel,
To acknowledge it, I'll wait upon your ſafety,
And beg for watch-nights to attend your perſon.

[*Exeunt all but* Loſana *and* Thele.

Loſana. Go for *Litus* : *Thele* ſtay you there,
He'll be almoſt angry *I* tarry ſo long.
To kill, or wound, or poyſon, ſome of theſe
Shall open to the right or left : *I* can't
I can't, nor won't bear it, ſee my own ſelf
Spit upon, while my younger flattering imp
Is always pray'd for and admired? away,
Let me be melted into nothing, if
I don't cure this ere *I* am two Suns older :

Enter Litus.

Stab me if *I* don't convert my promiſe
To performance. My Lord, their viſits tire
The day : Cabinets full of letters ſtand
For gold to ſtare on, every breath brings meſſage
Of new devoyrs, and returns deep loden
With Lovers whimſies : to your laſt diſcourſe
I have paid reverence, 'twas right and true :
The hodge-podge words of her phantaſtick pate
Serve for good morrow to me : all their ſtudies
Are for others to conjure one another,
In changing hearts : catalogues of their flouts
Swell when I'm amongſt 'um ; every moment
I ha'been urgent in perſwaſions to her,
She has ſcorn'd 'um.

Litus. Troth Madam, *I* wondred you So

So long together could forget your birth:
Two gallant ſpirits, their continual practice
Strikes deeper then a *Chinian* Dart: You know
The unfit receiving ſhe has of your counſel,
To all but who their cogging words and looks
Buy reſpect of; your Nobler minde is plain,
Kill bad examples; famous for a Pattern:
Shew their dull Geniusthe way to mend;
Correction's ſtudied quickly, though I muſt
Confeſs revenge is hungry at their carriage,
I thought tocome ere now.

Loſana. Take this prevention, ſhortly I intend
To put in practice arms that ſhall divide 'um:
It's time enough, the more intire they,
One bullet takes two bodies glew'd together.
D'ye think I can forget their outrages?
Sooner my name and Country; I'll bear both
Fair looks till then.

Litus. My Father, I'm inform'd,
Has ordered for my ſearch; I'll ſooner dye
Then be diſcovered 'fore we have ended this.

Loſana. I'll flee to't. [*Exit.*

Litus. If you don't, and quickly too,
I'll be contriver and Executioner:
She can't help it, may be, but my oath
Tears out the heart of one, if not of both. [*Exit.*

Enter Sarah, Winifred *and* Thele.

Sarah. I have defer'd ſo long, dear Coſen,
In expectation of your promiſt help,
That I can't hide it longer; my ſhame begins
To increaſe: I fear without your ſudden counſel,
I ſhall be forc'd to give the world an Infant:
I bluſh to think on't.

Winifred. Don't do ſo, my Joy.

Sarah. Heal my diſtemper, uſe time while you have it.

Winifred. I do, do my ſweet Nephew, my love: my Daughter's with Childe forſooth.

Thele.

Thele. Be diligent, ben't abſent, ſhortly I'll ſend,
Till then I'll pray for good ſucceſs.

Sarah. Heavens grant it,
My Cauſe is juſt; what rockie heart can hear
My ſad complaints, and not relieve me? Wonders
Have brought content to th' harmleſs; let ſome viſion
Threaten his diſloyalty; and then beſeech
Him view the curſes ready to fall on him,
For taking holy things to witneſs how
Clear his thoughts were from this impiety.
Man's not impenetrable, can't a ſin
Be frighted into goodneſs? ſure it may:
Skies ſend I live to ſee that happy day. [*Exit ſhe and* Winifred.

Thele. Witneſs impartial ordinances how
I loath the falſhood of a perjured lover:
Nature commands me to do juſtice, and
It's in my power; ſhe admires him ſtill.
Help me ſome ſhining Spirit to conſult
Your own affairs, and reap the glory on't.

Enter Beucer.

Beucer. Dear Miſtriſs, I have ſeen a thouſand doomſdays ſince you ſaid I pleaſed you; one word now makes me lighter hearted then a feather; in ſober ſadneſs I ſhall be ſeen no more, if I dye for love: My tears run faſter then Greyhounds for you: a good ſimile is the chiefeſt part of Language: I've read over the Academy of Complements, and pick'd out the beſt rhetorick to wo you; a Parſon may Marry us: be attracted, be attracted.

Thele. The eagerneſs I have of Marrying you,
Makes Moons ſeem twelve-months, every minute hours:
But for my friends good will, I had long ere now
Seal'd to our Wedding.

Beucer. You are ſo wiſe, Miſtriſs, that I ſhould be worſe then a Fanatick, to wiſh any thing till you ſay the word.

Thele. Theſe are expreſſions fit for ſtrangers, Sir,
Not her that duty tyes to you, ceaſe 'um pray.

Beucer. The beſt quality of a Sutor, is to be well ſpoken, and pronounce every word with an emphaſis; and I thank my Stars, I have both, as ſure as a dye; and if I live, will delight your ears with the high

high-flown words of Romances: *Amadis de Gaule, and Palmerin de Oliva*, ſhall be my every days diſcourſe.

Thele. High properties.

Beucer. And I'll delight your ears with ſongs of my own making.

Thele. Would you not have me coy?

Beucer. 'T would kill me twenty times.

Thele. Provide a Prieſt, we'll invite nobody.

Beucer. Am I above or no? methinks I turn round, and ſee a hundred nooks, and a bag of gold in every one; ſo high and mighty is my rapture: when, Angel, when?

Thele. Be Lord o'th' time your ſelf, when you'll appoint it,
I have chang'd my condition already:
What a tode am I (to ſpeak paſſionately?)

Thele. Why, Sir?

Beucer. I bought a Token of my love, and forgot to give it you.
Gives her a ſtomacher of Ribonds, and a Love-hood.

Thele. You put your ſelf to charge, I humbly thank you;
Theſe ſhall be my Wedding-Furniture.

Beucer. Every particle of 'um, I bought them for the ſame purpoſe; to be privately and ſuddenly Married, are the ſymptoms of a fiery and Elegant Lover, you know my meaning.

Thele. You have forc'd my will, meet me at S. *Thomas* Church,
Ere half an hour's ſpent, I'll be your wife:
Shall *I* uſe flattery to my deareſt heart?

Beucer. I'll hire a Parſon, you prodigious heap of vertues, and meet you ſooner then I would *Elyzium* delights.

Thele. Be ſwift, ſweet Sir: for ſince it muſt be ſo,
I'll haſte to Church, and dreſs me as *I* go.

Beucer. I am going to Paradiſe in a down Blanket. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Clowns with a glove lugging.

Firſt. You lye you Cur, *I* ſee it.

Second. Sir, *I* ſay, *I* ſee it firſt tho.

Third. You, guds Waukers, *I* came when it was welly hot within ſide, ſo *I* did, you fools.

Fourth. So did *I*, and I'll go carry it to my Lord *Lonus*.

Third. So do, it's warm ſtill, and ſo it was, when we all ſee it firſt, Wan't it? then it muſt be his Sons Glove, and he muſt be ſomewhere hereabouts.

Firſt.

First. I'll carry it.

Second. You ſhan't, you whelp, *I* will. [*First and ſecond fight.*

[*Third takes it up; all take it from him.*

Fourth. We'll teach you better manners then to ſteal: *I* dare ſwear it's *Litus* his glove.

Second. So *I* ſay, you may ſee it is a Lords glove mon, by the Ribonds, what doſt talk of that?

Third. And he's within ſhot.

First. I'll carry it to his Father and tell him ſo.

Second. If you don't ſay we all found it, I'll ſwinge you a good.

Fourth. You fool, would you truſt him? I'll cudgel you faith, ſo *I* will, ha' you no more wit?: we'll all carry it together, elſe he'll get the mony to himſelf.

Second. You ha' more wit then us all.

First. Shall's drink when we have done?

Third. All wheaters, my hony. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter Beucer *leading* Sarah *in* Theles *Apparel.*

Beucer. My humour was fain'd, I'll counterfeit no longer, but be ſerious.

Thele *enters, and pulls off* Sarath's *Love-hood*: Beucer *amazed.*

Beucer. Witchcraft, Witchcraft!

Thele. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo;
Negromancie vaniſh, no Negromancie.

Enter Winifred.

Winifred. It's ſo indeed, it's ſo my love, my chuck.

Beucer. *I* married her by the name of *Thele Moron*,
Hers is ſo, and *I* changed mine to make
Your Marriage firm, and you religious:
She hers from the beginning by deſign. [Beucer *mourns.*

Sarah. It's juſt, my Lord and husband.

Beucer. 'Tis juſt, juſt Maiden, and *I* free remit [*To* Thele.
Your ſacred wiſdom that invented it.
Great powers above ordain'd it; and *I* yeild
I'm rightly ſerv'd, who ſoweth ſhall reap the field.
And now to you dear Miſtriſs, *I* forgive, [*To his wife.*
And more commend the plot that makes you live
My deareſt wife, proteſting to *Apollo*,
This chaſteſt Marriage, chaſtly true to follow,

With

With pureſt love imbrace, *I* do repent
What's paſt, and pray our lives hence be content.

ACT. V. SCEN. 2.

Enter Marus *and* Occus.

Marus. MY Lord, between *Berania* and my Son
You know proceedings, bleſs 'um both together.

Occus. A Devil Devil 'um, he has got my bond, ſo they have, I vow.

Marus. To the purpoſe.

Occus. Why, I vow, I think they did it a purpoſe.

Marus. *I* mean, ſpeak to the matter.

Occus. So *I* do, *I* vow; it's a great matter *I* ſhould be cheated ſo, ſo it is; but ſhe ſhall have him, if ſhe will, as *I* live, d'ye ſee? we'll talk by and by, I'll ha' new clothes to the Wedding, ſo I will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Litus *and* Loſana.

Loſana. I'll finiſh quickly to that Gallery there.

[*Exit* Litus *to the Gallery.*

Enter Lidorus.

Sir, whether ſhould one prize a noble name
And vertuous, or the reſpect of a friend,
If both can't dwell together?

Lidorus. Looſe not the firſt for worlds.

Loſana. Was ever any tryed like me?
One of them two *I* muſt, 'tis your concerns:
I'll dye guiltleſs of your hurt, my Lord:
Pleaſe you to hear me, take the ſaddeſt ſtory
That ere was told, yet ſhort I'll ſtrive to ſpeak it,
It requires privacie.

Lidorus. Madam, we go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Occus: *Walks about ſtudying.*

Occus. Well, we have done a great deal of buſineſs, let me ſee, we have, *I* vow; well, what then? if my Daughter have Children, *I* ſhall be a Grand-father, ſo *I* ſhall. *Enter* Petus.
How d'ye Son-in-law? this is a damnable trouble, ſo it is, till it's

done; you'll make all the haſte you can, d'ye ſee? *I* vow, *I* was never half ſo preteritory when *I* was a Batchelor; if you were Married, it would be over, would it not?

Enter Loſana.

Loſan. Our meeting, my Lord, tells me 't was ordain'd [*To* Petus.
You ſhould avoid: 'laſs *I* can go no further;
I've ſo much breath as ſhall tell you the ſtrangeſt.
Forgive me Skies, ſhall *I* be falſe, my Lord?

Petus. Tell me why this ſadneſs is upon you.

Loſana. I will: turn Rock to hear it, let's be cloſe. [*Exeunt.*

[Litus *from the Gallery ſpeaks.*

Litus. To kill, or to be kill'd 's the largeſt ſcope
My injuries can give; though all the ſigns
Of Hell and Terror meet me, I'll go on,
And be as famous for my courage in't
As *Nero* for his tyranny: What boots
A man when dead, to be accounted good?
If his exploits be noted, though they have power
To give an ague at the relation of them,
And make men drop down dead with very fear,
To tell the moſt inhumane bloody murthers
They have committed; yet ſome ſtander by
Adores the Actor for the ſtrangeneſs of 'um.
Dionyſius is as much talkt on, as if
He had chang'd all *Cicily* to Alms-houſes:
I'm in the cuſtody of ſin, it whirls me
With his byas, and *I* can't reſiſt it;
As good proceed as draw back and be murthered:
Though *I* ſhould be ſurpriz'd i'th' midſt o'th' fact,
My name ſhall ſignifie a bloody act. [*Exit from the Gallery.*

Enter Berania.

Berania. Whence comes my ruine? he won't ſpeak to me;
What Sorcerer has had to do with him? *Exit.*

Enter Petus *with his ſword in his hand.*

Petus. Oh racks of horror! could you finde no other
Subject to work upon, but my deſtruction?
Lidorus, where's the truth your flattering tongue
Would dreſs in pleaſant painted ſkins of Serpents?
Supream Commanders, is my life alone *Enter*

Enter Losana.

Odious, that under such a black dark Cloud
You would smother all my joys?

Losana. With grief, my Lord,
I tell you of your faults: love blinded you,
Else many a time you might a seen him coming
Softly to meet *Berania* alone;
When you appear'd, he slunk away; and still
It is his custom, try and trust: Adieu. [*Exit.*

Petus. Fawning delusions, you have took your pride,
To build higher the imaginations of my triumph,
That they the greater downfal may receive:
If *I* revenge my self, I'm worst of all.
Tho his disloyal heart can smother up
Such treachery to me, I'll never prove
Guilty of so much wickedness to him.
But stay fond kindeness, what, shall *I* incline
To spare him his life, that seeks to take mine,
I am reduc'd to this untoward end,
Either to loose my honour, or loose my friend.
If this my comfort's gone, that to forego,
Makes me ingrateful, and a Traytor too:
He gave it first, and who better then he
May borrow that which himself lent to me?
In this quandary make thy self a sheath:
Farewel once Mistriss, *I* must bid adieu
To my own self, but first of all to you;

Enter Berania.

When I am dead, that you may know the truth, [*Sets it to his Breast.*
My blood shall be the pen and writer both:
Though you to others kindness could impart,
Yet your name onely's graven within my heart:
If ask'd, what did this tragedy incur,
You've been the cause, but *I* the Murtherer.
Throw fury on it self. [*He goes to kill himself.*

[Berania *catches the sword.*

Berania. For Heavens sake, my Lord, tell me the cause.

Lidorus *enters*; *seeing* Petus, *walks away.*

Petus. 'Tis true, ye darts of *Pluto* nail me here.

Berania. Good Sir, ſpeak. [*He turns from her.*
'Tis too much to bear; he has been my friend,
Well, but now he is my foe; and *I* as juſtly
May make my ſelf his, my ſword ſhall reward it. [*Exeunt.*

[Loſana *and* Litus *in the Gallery.*

Loſana. How now, what think you?
Litus. Whither is he gone?
Loſana. To write an invitation to *Lidorus.*
Litus. Then one or both; *Lidorus* has the beſt judgement.
Laſana. *I* know't, my Lord, tother's ſooner diſpatcht;
He has no ſkill at all, he dyes, my life for't.
Litus. 'Tis well contriv'd, thanks to your wit and will.
[*Go from the Gallery.*

Enter Petus *with a letter and Page.*

Petus. Deliver this to Lord *Lidorus*; flee. [*Exit* Petus.
Page meets Lidorus, *he reads it.*
Lidorus. Upon ſuſpition, my Lord, where's the Wiſdom
And ſobriety was moderator
In all your paſſion? quite forgot? tho he
Be frenzied with an Amorous fire, I'll
Not take it as a challenge: Yet conſider,
He's in earneſt; if *I* don't accept it,
A woman or a coward nick-names me.
In Challenges, we ought more to reflect
On honours ſplendor, then the fight's neglect;
And invitations warlike, ought to be
Anſwer'd with courage, not benignity.
Tell him *I* ſtay: how clear am *I* from it? [*Exit Page.*
Sweet is a life retir'd from all affairs
Of State or Court; one ſad miſchance or other
Waits upon Pomp; 't has always emulation
To ſtudy ones own private houſhold-good,
In the ſhort walks of an incloſed Garden;
And there content ſtrikes envy in the boſome. [Petus *coming.*
Petus. My life or his, this treaſon muſt redeem:
Honor then friendſhip ſhould have more eſteem.
[Lidorus *bare to meet* Petus.
Lidorus. Sir.----
Petus. Hold, your villany's too obvious to admit of ceremonious parles.

Lidorus

Lidorus. Charge.

Petus. Defend. [*Fight and breath.*

Lidorus. End it.

Petus. Diſpatch in juſtice. [*Fight again:* Lidorus *falls.*

Lidorus. One thing I crave before *I* dye; tell me
The reaſon of this fight.

Petus. By your life that ſees his laſt period, reſolve
The truth to what *I* ask.

Lidorus. Elſe Heavens ſhew themſelves my everlaſting enemies.

Petus. Haſt not betray'd me? tell your unjuſt dealing.
With *Berania*, you are both diſhoneſt.

Lidorus. Some miracle of the Gods ſhew my innocence:
Or if *I* have been guilty, all the torments
In Hell torment me for diſloyalty.
Who blowed this fire in your breſt, my Lord?

Petus. Will't make me kill my ſelf? is it not true?
Loſana told me, and *I* ſee it too.

Lidorus. What did you ſee?

Petus. You walk away as ſoon
As entred; 'twas becauſe we were together:
She muſt be alone to entertain your viſits.

Lidorus. *Loſana* told me, you ſuſpected me
Of being too familiar with your Miſtreſs;
Adviſed me to march off when *I* beheld
Berania with you, that in time it might
Abate your jealouſie.

Petus. Your coming was upon a match, what ſay you?

Lidorus. If ſo, let me be match'd with the worſt fury
That ever howl'd in Hell: *Loſana* bid me
Come to meet her here about ſome buſineſs:
I went when *I* ſee you, you know the cauſe.

Petus. *I* ſmell ſulphur; *Loſana* told me
What *I* have ſpoke, and that you were lov'd of her.

Lidorus. Traiterous *Loſana*, ſhe-Devil, ſhe 'twas, ſhe
Brought me to my grave; ſecure her, *I* am faint;
The houſe is full of treaſon, uſe your judgement
To puniſh it; *I* could divulge it now,
But *I* want breath: I am ſent for, Sir, farewel;

Your

Your innocent ſervant remits you his death:
Once more farewel, and think upon me. [Petus *ſhreeks.*

Enter Berania.

Berania. My Lord, what's this?

Petus. Speak woman, did'ſt thou think
He'd a dyed with a heavy conſcience, and
Conceal'd your ſin to damn him?

Berania. I'll be tryed with fire, and in my defence
Kiſs glowing ſteel: bring burning coles to me,
I'll keep 'um in my hand till they extinguiſh,
And never cry, to ſhew you I am clear,
Believe me, Sir. [*Body took away.*

Petus. Did not you and *Lidorus* 'gree to meet?
He was a coming, but ſeeing me with you, return'd.

Berania. My Siſter bid me come about ſome buſineſs;
I thought not to meet you, and much leſs him.

Petus. It's clear a plot to make us fight; tells him
That *I* ſuſpected he was too familiar
With *Berania:* then tells me, that he
Was naught with her indeed; and more, that he
Agreed to meet her, but to walk away
At any time, when he ſee her with me;
Then bids him walk away, when he ſee me,
That it might in time abate my Jealouſie;
And ſo got's all together here unknown
To each other; a caſt a contrived Devilry:
He went away, for fear of my diſpleaſure;
And *I* thought he went guilty of what was told me;
That we were both innocent, and both ſuſpitious.

Beran. Litus contrives it, my Maid once or twice ſee 'um together.

Petus. Deſperate *Loſana*, could the Devil invent
To cloak thy damn'd malice with this pretence
Of love to us both?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Lidorus is dead, it's known you kill'd him.

Petus. Juſtice, ſuffer not
A wretch to tread the earth: Villanous woman,
Wert here, I'd gore thy helliſh heart. O Monſter!
Treacherous Monſter; no leſs then thy infernal

Life

Life shall satisfie me. Dear *Lidorus*,
How dare *I* name thee? every noise *I* hear
Crokes horror to me: why, *I* could not help it,
He can't be brought to life again: I'll dye,
And punish my self for so damn'd a sin.
Losana, Tiger-bitch, to thy breath
My hands inrag'd shall give a mournful death:
And for your witch-craft, *I* will make thee rue it
By just revenge, if my lifes price can do it.

[*Exit with* Berania *and Servant.*

Enter two Watch-men.

First. Hereabouts 'twas done; *Petus* is fled.

Second. He's gone, the King must pardon him, or we shall see him no more: what was it about?

First. They talk of treachy i'th' business.

Second. Let's return.

First. Good morrow my Masters all, good morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Guard, and Marus, *and Chancellor.*

Marus. May it please your Majesty, it's Ham----

King. Why you know it is against our Act that Duels should be fought, the penaltie's death.

Marus. *I* come not to know rigor, but crave pardon.

King. To pardon this, would against Justice tend.

[*King sits in a chair.*

Chancellor. Justice draws mercy, Sir, at every end.

King. Yea, where the offence is done against the will.

Chancellor. It was my Liege, he did not love to kill.

King. Why fought he then?

Chancellor. To vindicate his right.

King. That's got by Law, and not by single might.

Chancellor. 'Twas, Sir, so sudden done, forc'd by a plot,
That strength must needs decide, what Law could not.

King. The Fathers service, and the Sons deport;
One in our Wars, the tother in our Court,
Tho against my Law, command me to asswage
For once the penance of my Statutes rage;
But take notice, lest it should authorize
Others like manner precepts to despise,

Renew

Renew its force; and hence will hardly I
Give him his life that makes another dye.
Both. Your pardon,
But let it teach better things. [*Exeunt.*

Litus *and* Lofana *in the Gallery.*

Litus. I knew it would not take, *Lidorus* is dead.
Lofana. I wish it had been *Petus.*
Litus. Wishes nothing avail, our treason's divulg'd; and
If we are caught, we shall soundly suffer.
Lofana. My disgrace is so great, I dare not return:
But since 'tis so, I'll alter our design,
And have his life, or it shall cost me mine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Petus *in a Night-gown, and* Berania.

Petus. A pardon? it were better that I were
Condemn'd to death, by the most cruel torture:
To live, is onely to be knawed upon,
And suffer lingrings, which subtly beguile
Me of my rest: One blow consumes them all;
But on my life depends a dearer; and
If I were dead, she'd be expos'd to th' rage
Of bloudy butcheries: I'll be reveng'd.
Dear *Lidorus*, how shall I pacifie
Thy angry Ghost! I kill'd thee, and were serv'd
But just, if thy deathy fingers should
Pull out my timorous heart.
Berania. You see, my Lord,
The fruits of too rash anger.
Petus. Would I had,
Dear Madam, so sudden a Burial; let me
Sacrifice my life to asswage this fault,
In doubting of your chastity. [*Draws his sword.*
Berania. Hold, my Lord, I shall dye to see you thus;
'Twas foul, but now it's over.
Petus. Oh that I could come at this demons urchin!

Litus *appears i' th' Gallery.*

I'd break the charms of *Belzebub*, and bite
The sulphry links that keep her; all the flashes
Of brimstone should but heat my purposes,
Till with her blood I had made a deadly poyson Should

Should kill all that but ſpeak or think upon her:
Where art Air? cover her not, ſhe will infect thee:
Ground ſwallow her up, or throw her to me, that I
May rid the world of luſt and treachery. [*Exit.*

Enter Litus *and* Loſana.

Loſana. You ſee how things fall out.

Litus. It is reported
You are fled; *Petus* beſide himſelf,
Studies to make a ſad example of you.

Loſana. Are you againſt me too?

Litus. Not I, I wiſh
I could but ſee the colour of his heart-blood;
Till then I ſhant be quiet, nor you peel off
Perpetual ſhame.

Loſana. Does he tear at me thus?

Litus. I heard him in the Gallery.

Loſana. Enough,
I'll do his buſineſs: ſtay here, I have provided. [*Exit.*

[Litus *walks about*

Litus. I wiſh I had ne'er begun this, I am vext;
I dream of Blood and War: in my condition
Diſtraction banquets: I have entred on it,
And will go on.

Enter Loſana.

But this one way to ſave our lives, go up. [*Exit* Litus.

Enter three men.

Loſana. Here, here, come hither. [*They whiſper.*

All. We attend your will.

Loſana. There's one has done me a great deal of wrong, [*Weeps.*
'Twill do no good to name it; if you will
Undertake to murder him, you ſhall
Be ſatisfied largely.

Firſt. No fear Madam, we can do it.

Second. I, and we will do it.

Third. Where's the man?

Loſ. Stand in that corner; within a little while he comes to you Gentlemen, be ſure you kill him; I can't deſcribe him by his clothes, but there none comes in a whole year; diſpatch him quickly.

First. We'll uſe ſwords to't.

Second. Beſt we have them ready.

Third. Sureſt and ſafeſt, theſe (*All draw*) will give him a meal he ſhall never diſgeſt, I'll warrant you.

Loſana. Go, and don't fail to kill the firſt that comes. [*Exit.*

All. We will, faith. [*All ſtand aſide.*

Enter Loſana *with a Boy.*

Loſana. Go to Lord *Petus*, and tell him you ſaw *Loſana* go down that lane juſt now; do your arrand well, and here's for you; then out by my Chamber.

Boy. I will. [*Exit* Loſana.

[*Boy meets* Petus.

Boy. I was a coming to you, my Lord.

Petus. For what?

Boy. I heard you inquire for Madam *Loſana*,
And I ſee her go down that lane juſt now.

Petus. Good Boy. [*Exit Boy.*

Now pitty be gone. [*He goes apace: draws his ſword.*

Four Clowns overtake him with clubs, and ſurprize him, taking him for Litus.

Firſt. Ha, ha, now we ha' you; nay, go to your Father.

Petus. What mean you, Gentlemen?

Second. Gentleman us no more then we Gentleman you; for I'faith you ſhall go. [*He ſtrives.*

Third. Hold faſt there: you are an undutiful ſon indeed; we'll *Litus* you, I'faith.

Fourth. So, I thought we ſhould catch you at laſt.

Petus. Stand off, you ruſtick Bores. [*He ſtrives again.*

All. Hold him faſt; if we let him go, we ſhall all be hang'd.

Second. Get you home, we have ſearched the woods for you to ſome purpoſe.

Petus. How dare you Villains?

Firſt. Uds waukers, we'll cudgel you, ſo we will, for all you're a Lord.

Fourth. There's a good one, ſhall we pleaſe your father or you?

Third. Swinge him, ſwinge him a good if he won't go; the King man ſet us a work to look you, and gave us leave.

Petus. Was ever Noble ſcratch'd with dogs before? [*Strives again.*

All

All. In with him, in with him to his father; come along, good my Lord *Litus*, come along, or we'll make you with a murrin.

[*All pull him in.*

Fourth. It must be *Litus* man, and nobody else. [*Exeunt all.*

Litus *and* Losana *in the Gallery.*

Losana. Now Sir, from an abyss of discontent
Three thrusts have built us up security;
Peace over all those mists that interpos'd
Between *Berania* and you are vanish'd.
Petus is dead, the Boy came to my Chamber,
And see him run to eternal banishment:
Them three dispatcht him, ere one cry could come
Toth' ears of any living. Court your Mistriss;
But make devotion to me; *I* invented
His death, and your felicity.

Litus. Rare Madam!
Seeing there's no lets to my preferment, I'll
Adore your memory, and gratifie
With forty Duckets, them that laid him dead:
Come along Madam, I'll see how they sped.

Losana. They could not finde resistance from him. [*Litus*, ha.

Litus. I'm ravish'd with these Musical words,
I'll see how they did their business, and
Content 'um for it.

Losana. Well enough, I warrant you.

[Litus *goes to the stage, and to the Thieves.*

[*Thieves set on him, follow him out and fight.*

Litus. Hold, I am not the man.

All. He is dispatcht.

[*They kill him, and stop his mouth with an Hankerchar. Exeunt.*

Enter Petus.

Petus. Take me for *Litus*? Oh I fear she's gone. [*He sees the body.*
Ho, ho; Watch, Watch, what's this? what bloudy business?

Enter Watch and Constable.

Constable. How came this, do you know, my Lord? I dare not but ask you.

Petus. Coming by and seeing it, made me cry out.

Constable. Alack, he is newly kill'd;

Watch, go purſue the murderers: Alas, my Lord, [*Exeunt Watch.*
This is my Lord *Lonus* his ſon *Litus*, for whom
We have ſearch'd ſo long.

Petus. I was ſubdu'd, and carried to his father
Inſtead of him, not twenty minutes ago:
Curſt be the fooliſh meſſengers for't.

Enter Watch with one of the Murtherers.

Murtherer. O be gratious, good my Lord, I'll confeſs all.

Conſtable. To the Juſtice with him.

Watch. We caught him by himſelf, juſt at the gate.

[*Exeunt all, and carry the body.*

Enter Lonus.

Lonus. Oh my ſon! could I not ſee him ere he dyed? [*Exit.*

Enter a Nymph ſinging,

Nymph. *Now alls fulfill'd, that I*
Did with my Siſter propheſie.
Within. *It is, it is, it is.* [Voices heard anſwering within.
Nymph. *Their days ſhall increaſe*
In kindneſs, love and peace.
Within. *Yea, yea, yea.*
Nymph. *Till the terms of their breath*
Shall be ended by death.
Within. *Agreed, agreed, agreed.*

Chorus.

Now the Seaſon draws nigh,
That we welcome our Bride;
With our Songs Melody,
When all grief's laid aſide. [*Exit.*

Enter Petus, Marus, Berania *and* Hacca.

Berania. For thee.

Petus. The Crocodel confeſt it was:
But by kinde providence thoſe Clowns ordain'd
To ſtop me by miſtake, I ſhould ha' periſh'd.

Berania. Is my father ſo long a getting my Siſter clear?

Marus. You have run through tryals.

Petus. This was the moſt horrid,
Take all the ſtory at a fitter time.

Enter

Enter Occus *and* Loſana *diſtracted in a Night-gown.*

Occus. O come in my Daughter, *Loſana* doth almoſt deſpair, ſo ſhe does; ſhe is forgiven, ſo ſhe is, and at liberty, *I* vow, come in.

[Petus *offers to run at her*; Berania *holds him.*

Berania. She is penitent.

Loſana. Here they come, I won't go to the Juſtices, *I* ſhall be burnt, keep me; there's *Lidorus* his Ghoſt.

Berania. What ails her?

Loſana. I'll go to bed; the man in the white cap; the dead man bound under the chin; the great Devils, and the little Devils twitch, and twitch off all the clothes: Look the dead horſe heads chop, and chop in the ſea, and the water all over my chamber: O dear, help, help, a cave in the Wet-wood; the Fryars and the Nuns that are dead, look how they run by me: Now, now again, there's the ſpirit with the withered face ſtands boult upright: d'ye ſee the little beads tumble about? tingle, tingle, tingle, that's the bell in the Monaſtery: Through the grates, the woman in *Pautado*, is hang'd without her head, for ſaying her prayers: Here comes the Devil like a mourning Gentlewoman with a peak: The Candles burn dim.

Occus. Hold, hold, what ſhall *I* do? here's nobody, what ſhall *I* do?

Marus. In the name of all the Powers be ſilent.

[*She falls down in a ſwound, they recover her*; *kneeling.*

Loſ. Oh I'm undone! what ails me terror? I'm dead, forgive me.

Berania. Siſter, you have offended grievouſly.

Loſana. I am, tho griev'd, not ſham'd to aſk pardon
For that which will defile good lips to utter;
Caus'd by my envy to my Siſter dear:
Envy, damn'd envy, makes me kneeling here.
The Devil and *Litus* urg'd me with their tongues
To cauſe my Siſters and your death at once:
Which ſinful thought with grief I now repent,
To *Litus* vile, that I ſhould ſo conſent.
All men, me ſeem'd, did onely well affect
My virtuous Siſter, and my ſelf neglect:
That prompted me to this revengeful ſpight,
Fit to be nam'd in *Charon*'s diſmal night.
I'm juſtly ſerv'd, and Heavens juſt Judge hath brought
My wicked purpoſe to this wicked nought; And

And made that evil light on my own head,
With which *I* hop'd you would be ruined.
Oh pardon me, and I'll henceforward be
Your humble Hand-maid in captivity.
Petus. Riſe *Loſana*, I forgive you
Your baſeſt Treaſon, and henceforward wiſh
That better graces may your Breſt inrich:
Your freeſt freedom, I do not deny,
Do what you pleaſe. *Beran.* Dear Siſter, ſo do I.
Loſana. *I* repent all for a preparative
To order and Religon, if *I* may
Be worthy on't: *I* humbly beg your leave,
That my devotion may be fitted by
A pilgrimage to the Shrine of *Loretto*;
By a new favour *I* may be abſolv'd,
As penitent for all the impious ſtains
Of my bad life.
Petus. *I* grant you your petition;
Go, if *I* never ſee you any more,
Labour to expoliate theſe ſins
By earneſt penitence: live holy,
And the everlaſting goodneſs be your guide.
Berania. If we ne'er ſee more, adieu, dear Siſter, [*Weeps.*
I wiſh you all the ſweeteſt contents of
Your ſtrict and holy being. [*Kiſſes her.*
Occus. Well, dear hony, God b'w'y, *I* weep to part, ſo *I* do: you had beſt take ſome Strong-water with you, *I* vow; ſo *I* do, to cheer you up in your long Journey, d'ye ſee? [Loſana *kneels.*
Loſana. That ere we ſee if this be the laſt day,
Do you for me, as *I* for you will pray. [*Exit.*
All. Adieu. [Petus *takes* Berania *by the hand.*
Petus. Now what remains, but after all our fears,
Griefs, ſorrows, troubles, terrors, frights and tears,
We beg.----

Enter Meſſenger, gives Petus *a Letter.*

Petus. Make me not miſerable again;
Or is it true? ſpeak, can *Lidorus* live?
Meſſenger. Read the juſt cauſe of his being ſecret.
Petus. Stars,

That

That of a man have made me an Angel;
Or happier, if't be true; don't tantalize me.

Lidorus. My Maſter fearing your diſpleaſure, vow'd
I'th' Holy Temple to ſee you beſtow'd
On that fair Lady, or ſee his Winding-ſheet
Laid at his head, ere you ſhould know he liv'd;
But now rejoyces at your welfare.

Petus. Where remains the crown of all our ſweetneſs?

Enter Lidorus.

Lidorus. Here, if you are reſolv'd to call it ſo.

Petus. Forgive me, or puniſh, I am at your mercy.

Lidorus. Riſe, and be as happy in your Miſtriſs,
As *I* in ſeeing you: my wounds, though deep,
Were cured on this condition.----

Berania. Noble Sir.

Lidorus. For offering him a thruſt, my eyes have ſince
I've been recovered, paid the private walls
A thouſand tears.

Marus. Let this bright day be worſhip'd:
A[illegible]iverſal benefit lives with you.
The King has got his thoughts clad all in black
For your ſuppoſed loſs; chang'd to ambition
My ſon, but you to make him glorious.

Occus. It vext me to the heart to hear you were kill'd, ſo it did.

Lidorus. Don't let me hinder your proceedings, crown your expectation, my felicity.

Marus. Your hands; *I* joyn you both, you're man and wife.

[*Takes 'um by the hand.*

The Ceremonies take another time.

Occus. And ſo ſay *I*, *I* vow: but hark, who comes here?

RECORDERS.

Enter God *Hymen.*

Hymen. *With Joy and delight*
We'll fill up the night;
That your marriage ſhould be ended,
This dance we intended.

Miner-

Minerva *and the Gods,*
When you first were at ods,
Did order this sporting
For your innocent courting.
Then happen what will,
We'll of mirth have our fill:
Your tears were our askers;
Look here come the Masquers.

Descend three Goddesses, two Gods, one singing.

Hymen *and all the Gods above*
That on this Wedding kindly smile:
Grant your blessings, and your love,
Envy and mischief to remove,
Peace and plenty all the while.

Chorus.

We grant it all, it shall be so:
The Stars our bounty, and our will shall know.

Hymen and Gods sing.

Your nuptial pleasures shall abide
So long as love your hearts inflames;
Neer to cease for time or tide,
In joy your days shall swiftly glide;
With honour we'll ingross your names.

Chorus.

We grant it all, it shall be so:
The Stars our bounty, and our wills shall know.

Other God.

Live like our selves, may every hour renew
Triumphs for constancy; Garlands for you
Shall be prepared rich, to make you prove
Shining below, as we are bright above:
Till then our Dance and Banquet shall display
The pleasure we have in this happy day.

Musick. All dance. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.